THE OLD BATCHELOR.

A COMEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. *Congreve.*

Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator; ſedulus inflat.
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit——

Horat. Epiſt. I. Lib. II.

LONDON,
Printed, and are to be Sold by the Bookſellers.
1693.

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Horat. Ep. 2. L. 1. lib. II.

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To the Right Honorable, Charles *Lord Clifford of* Lanesborough, &c.

My Lord,

IT is with a great deal of Pleaſure that I lay hold on this firſt Occaſion, which the accidents of my life have given me of writing to your Lordſhip: For ſince at the ſame time I write to all the World, it will be a means of publiſhing (what I would have every body know) the Reſpect and Duty which I owe and pay to you. I have ſo much inclination to be yours, that I need no other Engagement: But the particular Ties by which I am bound to your Lordſhip and Family, have put it out of my power to make you any Complement; ſince all Offers of my ſelf, will amount to no more than an honeſt acknowledgment, and only ſhew a willingneſs in me to be grateful.

I am very near wiſhing, That it were not ſo much my Intereſt to be your Lordſhips Servant, that it might be more my Merit; not that I would avoid being obliged to you, but I would have my own Choice to run me into the debt; that I might have it to boaſt, I had diſtinguiſhed a man, to whom I would be glad to be obliged, even without the hopes of having it in my power ever to make him a return.

It is impoſſible for me to come near your Lordſhip in any kind, and not to receive ſome Favour; and while in appearance I am only making an acknowledgment (with the uſual under-hand dealing of the World) I am at the ſame time, inſinuating my own Intereſt. I cannot give your Lordſhip your due, without tacking a Bill of my own Priviledges. 'Tis true, if a man never committed a folly, he would never ſtand in need of a Protection: But then power would have nothing to do, and good Nature no occaſion to ſhew it ſelf; and where thoſe Vertues are, 'tis pitty they ſhould want Objects to ſhine upon. I muſt confeſs this is no reaſon, why a Man ſhould do an idle thing, nor indeed any good Excuſe for it, when done; yet it reconciles the uſes of ſuch *Authority* and Goodneſs, to the neceſſities of our Follies; and is a ſort of Poetical Logick, which, at this time I would make uſe of, to argue your Lordſhip into a Protection of this Play. It is the firſt

Offence I have committed in this kind, or indeed, in any kind of Poetry, tho not the firſt made publick; and therefore, I hope, will the more eaſily be pardoned: But had it been *Acted* when it was firſt written, more might have been ſaid in its behalf; Ignorance of the Town and Stage, would then, have been Excuſes in a young VVriter, which now, almoſt four years experience will ſcarce allow of. Yet I muſt declare my ſelf ſenſible of the good Nature of the Town, in receiving this Play ſo kindly, with all its Faults, which I muſt own were, for the moſt part, very induſtriouſly covered by the care of the Players; for, I think, ſcarce a Character, but receiv'd all the advantage it would admit of, from the juſtneſs of *Action*.

As for the Critieks, my Lord, I have nothing to ſay, to, or againſt any of them of any kind; from thoſe who make juſt Exceptions, to thoſe who find fault in the wrong place. I will only make this general *Anſwer* in behalf of my Play (an *Anſwer*, which *Epictetus* adviſes every man to make for himſelf, to his Cenſurers) viz. *That if they who find ſome faults in it, were as intimate with it as I am, they would find a great many more.* This is a Confeſſion which I need not to have made; but however, I can draw this uſe from it, to my own advantage, that I think there are no faults in it but what I do know; which, as I take it, is the firſt ſtep to an amendment.

Thus I may live in hopes (ſometime or other) of making the Town amends; but you, my Lord, I never can, tho I am ever

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient
and moſt Humble Servant,

VVill. Congreve.

To

To Mr. Congreve.

WHEN Vertue in purſuit of Fame appears
And forward ſhoots the growth beyond the Years:
We timely court the riſing Hero's Cauſe;
And on his ſide, the Poet wiſely draws;
Beſpeaking him hereafter, by Applauſe.
The days will come, when we ſhall all receive,
Returning Intereſt from what now we give:
Inſtructed, and ſupported by that praiſe,
And Reputation, which we ſtrive to raiſe.
Nature ſo coy, ſo hardly to be woo'd,
Flies, like a Miſtreſs, but to be purſu'd.
O CONGREVE! *boldly follow on the Chaſe;*
She looks behind, and wants thy ſtrong Embrace:
She yields, ſhe yields, ſurrenders all her Charms,
Do you but force her gently to your Arms:
Such Nerves, ſuch Graces, in your Lines appear,
As you were made to be her Raviſher.
DRYDEN *has long extended his Command,*
By Right Divine, quite through the Muſes Land,
Abſolute Lord; and holding now from none,
But great Apollo, *his undoubted Crown:*
(That Empire ſettled, and grown old in pow'r)
Can wiſh for nothing, but a Succeſſor:
Not to enlarge his Limits, but maintain
Thoſe Provinces, which he alone could gain.
His eldeſt Wicherly, *in wiſe retreat,*
Thought it not worth his quiet to be great.
Looſe, wandring, Etherege, *in wild pleaſures toſt,*
And Foreign Int'reſts, to his hopes long loſt:
Poor Lee *and* Otway *dead!* CONGREVE *appears,*
The Darling, and laſt Comfort of his years:
May'ſt thou live long in thy great Maſter's ſmiles,
And growing under him, adorn theſe Iſles;
But when---- when part of him (be that but late)
His body yielding muſt ſubmit to fate,
Leaving his deathleſs Works, and thee behind,
(The natural Succeſſor of his mind)
Then may'ſt thou finiſh what he has begun:
Heir to his Merit, be in Fame his Son.
What thou haſt done, ſhews all is in thy power;
And to write better, only muſt write more.
'Tis ſomething to be willing to commend;
But my beſt praiſe, is, that I am your Friend.

Tho. Southerne.

TO.

To Mr. Congreve.

THe Danger's great in theſe cenſorious days,
When Criticks are ſo riſe to venter Praiſe:
When the infectious and ill-natur'd Brood
Behold, and damn the Work, becauſe 'tis good;
And with a proud, ungenerous Spight would try
To paſs an Oſtrociſm on Poetry.
But you, my Friend, your Worth does ſafely bear
Above their Spleen, you have no cauſe for fear;
Like a well-metled Hawk, you took your flight
Quite out of reach, and almoſt out of ſight.
As the ſtrong Sun, in a fair Summers day,
You riſe, and drive the Miſts and Clowds away,
The Owls and Bats, and all the Birds of Prey.
Each line of yours like poliſht Steel's ſo hard,
In Beauty ſafe, it wants no other guard.
Nature her ſelf's beholden to your Dreſs,
Which tho ſtill like, much fairer you expreſs.
Some vainly ſtriving Honour to obtain,
Leave to their Heirs the Traffick of their brain;
Like *China* under ground, the ripening Ware,
In a long time, perhaps grows worth our Care:
But you now reap the Fame, ſo well you've ſown;
The Planter taſts his Fruit to ripeneſs grown.
As a fair Orange tree at once is ſeen,
Big with what's ripe, yet ſpringing ſtill with Green:
So at one time, my worthy Friend appears,
With all the ſap of Youth, and weight of Years.
Accept my pious Love, as forward Zeal,
Which tho it ruins me, I can't conceal:
Expos'd to Cenſure for my weak Applauſe,
I'm pleas'd to ſuffer in ſo juſt a Cauſe:
And tho my Offering may unworthy prove,
Take as a Friend the Wiſhes of my Love.

J. D. MARSH,

TO

To Mr. CONGREVE, on his PLAY, called, The OLD BATCHELOR.

WIT, like true Gold, refin'd from all Allay,
Immortal is, and never can decay:
'Tis in all times and Languages the same;
Nor can an ill Tranſlation quench the Flame:
For, tho the Form and Faſhion don't remain,
Th'intrinſick value ſtill it will retain.
Then let each ſtudied Scene be writ with Art,
And Judgment ſweat to form the labour'd Part:
Each Character be juſt, and Nature ſeem;
Without th' Ingredient, Wit, 'tis all but Phlegm:
For that's the Soul, which all the Maſs muſt move,
And wake our Paſſions into Grief, or Love.
But you, too Bounteous, ſow your Wit ſo thick,
We are ſurpriz'd, and know not where to pick:
And while our Clapping does you Juſtice do,
Our ſelves we injure, and loſe ſomething new.
What mayn't we then, great Youth, of Thee preſage,
Whoſe Art and Wit ſo much tranſcend thy Age?
How wilt thou ſhine at thy Meridian height?
Who, at thy riſing, give ſo vaſt a Light.
When DRYDEN *dying, ſhall the World deceive,*
Whom we Immortal, as his Works, believe;
Thou ſhalt ſucceed, the Glory of the Stage,
Adorn and entertain the coming Age.

BEVIL HIGGINS.

PRO-

Prologue intended for the Old Batchelor, ſent to the Author, by an unknown Hand.

MOST Authors on the Stage at firſt appear
Like Widows-Bridegrooms, full of doubt and fear:
They judge from the experience of the Dame,
How hard a Task it is to quench her Flame:
And who falls ſhort of furniſhing a courſe,
Up to his Brawny Predeceſſors force;
With utmoſt rage from her Embraces thrown,
Remains convicted, as an empty Drone.
Thus often, to his Shame, a pert Beginner
Proves in the end, a miſerable Sinner.
As for our Youngſter, I am apt to doubt him,
With all the vigour of his Youth about him:
But he, more ſanguine, truſts in one and twenty,
And impudently hopes he ſhall content you:
For tho his Batchelor be worn and cold:
He thinks the Young may club to help the Old:
And what alone can be atchiev'd by neither,
Is often brought about by both together.
The briskeſt of you all have felt Alarms
Finding the Fair One proſtitute her Charms
With broken Sighs, in her old Fumblers Arms.
But for our Spark, he Swears he'll ne're be jealous
Of any Rivals, but young luſty Fellows:
Faith let him try his Chance, and if the Slave,
After his bragging, prove a waſhy Knave;
May he be baniſh'd to ſome lonely Den,
And never more have leave to dip his Pen:
But if he be the Champion he pretends,
Both Sexes ſure will joyn to be his friends;
For all agree, where all can have their ends.
And you muſt own him for a Man of Might,
If he holds out to pleaſe you the third Night.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

HOW this vile World is chang'd! In former days,
Prologues, were ſerious Speeches, before Plays;
Grave ſolemn Things, as Graces are to Feaſts;
Where, Poets begg'd a Bleſſing, from their Gueſts.
But now, no more like Suppliants, we come;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum:
Arm'd with keen Satyr, and with pointed Wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges ſit,
To ſave our Plays, or elſe we'll damn your Pit.
But for your Comfort, it falls out to day,
We've a young Author, and his firſt-born Play;
So, ſtanding only on his good Behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your Favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he ſhew it,
But on my Conſcience he's a baſhful Poet;
You think that ſtrange——no matter, he'll out-grow it.
Well, I'm his Advocate——by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I ſhall ſpeak to pleaſe you)
He prays——O bleſs me! What ſhall I do now!
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettieſt Prologue, as he wrote it!
Well, the Deuce take me, if I han't forgot it.
O Lord, for Heaven's ſake, excuſe the Play,
Becauſe, you know, if it be damn'd to day,
I ſhall be hang'd for wanting what to ſay.
For my ſake then—but I'm in ſuch Confuſion,
I cannot ſtay to hear your Reſolution.

Runs off.

Dra-

Perſonæ Dramatis.

Men	By
Heartwell, a ſurly old Batchelor, pretending to ſlight women; ſecretly in Love with *Silvia*,	*Mr.* Betterton.
Bellmour, in Love with *Belinda*,	*Mr.* Powel
Vainlove, capricious in his Love; in Love with *Araminta*,	*Mr.* Williams.
Sharper,	*Mr.* Alexander.
Sir Joſeph VVittol,	*Mr.* Bowen
Capt. Bluffe,	*Mr.* Hains.
Fondlewife, a Banker,	*Mr.* Dogget.
Setter, a Pimp,	*Mr.* Underhill.
Servant to *Fondlewife*	

Women,

Araminta, in Love with *Vainlove*,	Mrs. Bracegirdle
Belinda, her Couſin, an affected Lady, in Love with *Bellmour*,	*Mrs.* Mountfort.
Latitia, VVife to *Fondlewife*,	*Mrs.* Barry.
Silvia, *Vainlove*'s forſaken Miſtreſs,	*Mrs.* Bowman.
Lucy, her Maid,	*Mrs.* Leigh.
Betty.	

Footmen.

The Scene, London.

The Old Batchelor.

ACT I. SCENE I. The Street.

Bellmour *and* Vainlove *Meeting.*

Bell. *Vainlove*, and abroad ſo early! good morrow; I thought a Contemplative Lover could no more have parted with his Bed in a morning, than a' could have ſlept in't.

Vain. Bellmour, Good morrow—Why truth on't is, theſe early Sallies are not uſual to me; but Buſineſs, as you ſee Sir--(*Shewing* And Buſineſs muſt be follow'd, or be loſt. (*Letters.*

Bell. Pox o' buſineſs——And ſo muſt Time, my Friend, be cloſe purſued, or loſt. Buſineſs is the rub of Life, perverts our Aim, caſts off the Bias, and leaves us wide and ſhort of the intended Mark.

Vain. Pleaſure, I gueſs you mean.

Bell. Ay, what elſe has meaning?

Vain. Oh the Wiſe will tell you----

Bell. More than they believe----Or underſtand.

Vain. How how, *Ned*, a wiſe man ſay more than he underſtands?

Bell. Ay ay, pox, Wiſdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than really we do. You read of but one wiſe man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come come, leave Buſineſs to Idlers, and Wiſdom to Fools; they have need of 'em: Wit, be my Faculty; and Pleaſure, my Occupation; and let Father Time ſhake his Glaſs. Let low and earthy ſouls grovel till they have work'd themſelves ſix foot deep into a Grave.---Buſineſs is not my Element----I rowl in a higher Orb, and dwell---

Vain. In Caſtles i'th' Air of thy own building; That's thy Element *Ned*---Well, as high a Flyer as you are, I have a Lure may make you ſtoop. (*Flings a Letter.*

Bell. I marry Sir, I have a Hawks Eye at a Woman's hand----

There's more Elegancy in the falſe ſpelling of this Superſcription than in all *Cicero*---Let me ſee---How now! Dear perfidious *Vainlove*. *(Takes up the Letter. (Reads.*

Vain. Hold hold, 'ſlife that's the wrong.

Bell. Nay let's ſee the Name (*Silvia!*) how can'ſt thou be ungrateful to to that Creature? She's extremely pretty and loves thee intirely--- I have heard her breath ſuch Raptures about thee---

Vain. Ay, or any body that ſhe's about---

Bell. No faith *Frank* you wrong her; ſhe has been juſt to you.

Vain. That's pleaſant, by my troth from thee, who haſt enjoy'd her.

Bell. Never--- Her affections, 'tis true by Heaven, ſhe own'd it to my face; and bluſhing like the Virgin Morn when it diſcloſed the Cheat, which, that truſty Bawd of Nature, Night, had hid, confeſs'd her Soul was true to you; tho' I by treachery had ſtoll'n the Bliſs---

Vain. So was true as Turtle--- An imagination *Ned*, ha? Preach this Doctrine to Husbands, and the married Women will adore thee.

Bell. Why faith I think it will do well enough--- If the Husband be out of the way, for the Wife to ſhew her Fondneſs and Impatience of his abſence, by chooſing a Lover as like him as ſhe can, and what is unlike ſhe may help out with her own Fancy.

Vain. But is it not an Abuſe to the Lover to be made a Blind of? For ſhe only ſtalks under him to take aim at her Husband.

Bell. As you ſay the abuſe is to the Lover, not the Husband: For 'tis an Argument of her great Zeal towards him, that ſhe will enjoy him in Effigie.

Vain. It muſt be a very ſuperſtitious Country, where ſuch Zeal paſſes for true Devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our Proteſtant Husbands for flat Idolatry--- But if you can make Alderman *Fondlewife* of your Perſwaſion, this Letter will be needleſs.

Bell. What the old Banker with the handſome Wife?

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Let me ſee, *Lætitia*! Oh 'tis a delicious Morſel. Dear *Frank* thou art the trueſt Friend in the World.

Vain. Ay, am I not? To be continually ſtarting of Hares for you to Courſe. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my Temper quits an Amour, juſt when thine takes it up--- But read that it is an appointment for me, this Evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of Town, to meet the Maſter of a Ship about the return of a Venture he's in danger of loſing. Read, read.

Bell.

Bell. Reads. Hum, Hum-- *Out of Town this Evening, and talks of ſending for Mr.* Spintext *to keep me Company; but I'le take care, he ſhall not be at home.* Good! *Spintext*! Oh the Fanatick one ey'd Parſon!

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Reads. Hum, Hum--- *That your Converſation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his Habit to blind the Servants.* Very good! Then I muſt be diſguiſed-- With all my Heart-- It adds a Guſto to an Amour; gives it the the greater reſemblance of Theft; and among us lewd Mortals, the deeper the Sin the ſweeter. *Frank* I'm amaz'd at thy good Nature—

Vain. Faith I hate Love when 'tis forced upon a Man; as I do Wine--- And this buſineſs is none of my ſeeking; I ony happened to be once or twice, where, *Letitia* was the handſomeſt Woman in Company, ſo conſequently apply'd my ſelf to her-- And it ſeems ſhe has taken me at my word-- Had you been there, or any body 't had been the ſame.

Bell. I wiſh I may ſucceed as the ſame.

Vain. Never doubt it; for if the Spirit of Cuckoldom be once raiſed up in a woman, the Devil can't lay it, till ſhe has dont.

Bell. Prithee, what ſort of Fellow is *Fondlewife*?

Vain. A kind of Mungril Zealot, ſometimes very preciſe and peeviſh: But I have ſeen him pleaſant enough in his way; much addicted to Jealouſie, but more to fondneſs: So that as he is often jealous without a Cauſe, he's often ſatisfied without Reaſon.

Bell. A very even Temper and fit for my purpoſe. I muſt get your Man *Setter* to provide my Diſguiſe.

Vain. Ay, you may take him for good and-all if you will, for you have made him fit for no body elſe-- Well--

Bell. You're going to viſit in return of *Silvia*'s Letter--Poor Rogue. Any hour of the day or night will ſerve her-- but do you know nothing of a new Rival there?

Vain. Yes, *Heartnell*, that ſurly, old, pretended woman hater thinks her Vertuous; that's one reaſon why I fail her: I would have her fret her ſelf out of conceit with me, that ſhe may entertain ſome Thoughts of him. I know he viſits her ev'ry day.

Bell. Yet rails on ſtill, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little time will ſwel him ſo, he muſt be forc'd to give it birth, and the diſcovery muſt needs be very pleaſant from himſelf, to ſee what pains he will take, and how he will ſtrein to be deliver'd of a Secret, when he has miſcarried on't already.

Vain.

Vain. Well, good morrow, let's dine together, I'll meet at the old place.

Bell. With all my heart, it lies convenient for us, to pay our Afternoon ſervice to our Miſtreſſes; I find I am damnably in Love; I'm ſo uneaſy for not ſeeing *Belinda* yeſterday.

Vain. But I ſaw my *Araminta*, yet am as impatient. (*Exit.*

Bell. Why what a Cormorant in Love am I! who not contented with the ſlavery of honourable Love in one place, and the pleaſure of enjoying ſome half a ſcore Miſtreſſes of my own acquiring; muſt yet take *Vainlove*'s Buſineſs upon my hands, becauſe it lay too heavy upon his: So am not only forc'd to lye with other mens Wives for 'em, but muſt alſo undertake the harder Task, of obliging their Miſtreſſes---I muſt take up, or I ſhall never hold out; Fleſh and blood cannot bear it always.

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. I'm ſorry to ſee this, *Ned*: Once a man comes to his Soliloquies, I give him for gone.

Bell. Sharper, I'm glad to ſee thee.

Shap. What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are ſo thoughtful?

Bell. No faith, not for that--But there's a buſineſs of conſequence fall'n out to day, that requires ſome conſideration.

Sharp. Prithee what mighty buſineſs of conſequence canſt thou have?

Bell. Why you muſt know, 'tis a piece of work toward the finiſhing of an Alderman; It ſeems I muſt put the laſt hand to it, and dub him Cuckold, that he may be of equal dignity with the reſt of his Brethren, So I muſt beg *Belinda*'s Pardon--

Sharp. Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all; you can have no hopes of getting her for a Miſtreſs, and ſhe is too proud, too inconſtant, too affected, too witty, and two handſom for a Wife.

Bell. But ſhe can't have too much money--There's twelve thouſand Pound *Tom*--'Tis true ſhe is exceſſively foppiſh and affected, but in my Conſcience I believe the Baggage loves me, for ſhe never ſpeaks well of me her ſelf, nor ſuffers any body elſe to rail at me. Then, as I told you, there's twelve thouſand pound--Hum--VVhy faith, upon ſecond thoughts, ſhe does not appear to be ſo very affected neither--Give her her due, I think the woman's a woman, and that's all. As ſuch I'm ſure I ſhall like her; for the Devil take me if I don't love all the Sex.

Sharp.

Sharp. And here comes one who ſwears as heartily he hates all the Sex.

Enter Heartwell.

Bell. VVho *Heartwell!* Ay, but he knows better things---How now *George*, where haſt thou been ſnarling odious truths, and entertaining company like a Phyſician, with diſcourſe of their diſeaſes and infirmities? VVhat fine Lady haſt thou been putting out of conceit with her ſelf, and perſwading that the face ſhe had been making all the morning was none of her own? for I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a woman, as a looking-glaſs after the Small Pox.

Heart. I confeſs I have not been ſneering fulſome Lies, and nauſeous Flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry Whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any Puppy that comes; like a Tumbler with the ſame tricks over and over. For ſuch I gueſs may have been your late employment.

Bell. Would thou hadſt come a little ſooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy converſion, and been a Champion for the Cauſe.

Heart. VVhat, has he been here? that's one of Loves April-fools, is always upon ſome errand that's to no purpoſe, ever embarking in Adventures, yet never comes to harbour.

Sharp. That's becauſe he always ſets out in foul weather, loves to buffet with the winds, meet the tide, and ſail in the teeth of oppoſition.

Heart. VVhat has he not dropt Anchor at *Araminta?*

Bell. Truth on't is, ſhe fits his temper beſt, is a kind of floating Iſland; ſometimes ſeems in reach, then vaniſhes, and keeps him buſied in the ſearch.

Sharp. She had need have a good ſhare of ſenſe, to manage ſo *Capricious* a Lover.

Bell. Faith I don't know, he's of a temper the moſt eaſy to himſelf in the world; he takes as much always of an *Amour* as he cares for, and quits it when it grows ſtale, or unpleaſant.

Sharp. An argument of very little Paſſion, very good Underſtanding, and very ill Nature.

Heart. And proves that *Vainlove* plays the fool with diſcretion.

Sharp. You *Bellmour* are bound in gratitude to ſtickle for him; you with pleaſure reap that fruit, which he takes pains to ſow: he does

does the drudgery in the Mine, and you ſtamp your image on the Gold.

Bell. He's of another opinion, and ſays I do the drudgery in the Mine; well, we have each our ſhare of ſport, and each that which he likes beſt; 'tis his diverſion to Set, 'tis mine to Cover the Partridge.

Heart. And it ſhould be mine to let 'em go again.

Sharp. Not till you had mouth'd a little, *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

Heart. Good Mr. Young-Fellow, you're miſtaken; as able as your ſelf, and as nimble too, though I may'n't have ſo much Mercury in my Limbs; 'tis true indeed, I don't force Appetite, but wait the natural call, and think it time enough to be lewd, after I have had the temptation.

Bell. Time enough, ay, too ſoon, I ſhould rather have expected, from a perſon of your gravity.

Heart. Yet it is oftentimes too late with ſome of you young, termagant flaſhy Sinners——you have all the guilt of the intention, and none of the pleaſure of the practice——'tis true, you are ſo eager in purſuit of the temptation, that you ſave the devil the trouble of leading you into it: Nor is it out of diſcretion, that you don't ſwallow that very Hook your ſelves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the preparative, and what you mean for a Whet, turns the edge of your puny ſtomachs. Your love is like your courage, which you ſhew for the firſt year or two upon all occaſions; till in a little time, being diſabl'd or diſarm'd, you abate of your vigor; and that daring Blade which was ſo often drawn, is bound to the Peace for ever after.

Bell. Thou art an old Fornicator of a ſingular good principle indeed! and art for encouraging Youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy years.

Heart. I am for having every body be what they pretend to be; a VVhoremaſter be a VVhoremaſter; and not like *Vainlove*, kiſs a Lap-Dog with paſſion, when it would diſguſt him from the Ladies own Lips.

Bell. That only happens ſometimes, where the Dog has the ſweeter breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But *George*, you muſt not quarrel with little Gallantries of this nature; women

are

are often won by 'em: who would refuse to kiss a Lap-dog, if it were preliminary to the Lips of his Lady?

Sharp. Or omit playing with her Fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might entitle him to the office of warming her when she should be cold?

Bell. What is it to read a Play in a rainy day, when it may be the means of getting into a Fair Ladies Books? Tho you should be now and then interrupted in a witty Scene, and she perhaps preserve her laughter till the jest were over; even this may be born with, considering the reward in prospect.

Heart. I confess, you that are Womens Asses bear greater burdens, are forced to undergo Dressing, Dancing, Singing, Sighing, Whining, Rhiming, Flattering, Lying, Grinning, Cringing, and the drudgery of loving to boot.

Bell. O Brute, the drudgery of loving!

Heart. Ay, why to come to love through all these incumbrances, is like coming to an Estate overcharg'd with Debts, which by the time you have paid, yields no further profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the Land will produce at the expence of your own Sweat.

Bell. Prithee how dost thou love?

Sharp. He! he hates the Sex.

Heart. So I hate Physick too——yet I may love to take it for my health.

Bell. Well come off *George*, if at any time you should be taken straying.

Sharp. He has need of such an excuse, considering the present state of his body.

Heart. How d'ee mean?

Sharp. Why if whoring be purging (as you call it) then I may say Marriage is entring into a course of Physick.

Bell. How *George*, does the Wind blow there?

Heart. It will as soon blow North and by South--marry quotha! I hope in Heaven I have a greater portion of Grace, and I think I have baited too many of those Traps, to be caught in one my self.

Bell. Who the Devil would have thee? unless 'twere an Oyster-woman, to propagate young fry for *Billingsgate*——thy Talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better quality.

Heart. My Talent is chiefly that of ſpeaking Truth, which I don't expect ſhould ever recommend me to people of Quality--I thank Heaven, I have very honeſtly purchas'd the hatred of all the great Families in Town.

Sharp. And you in return of Spleen hate them: But could you hope to be receiv'd into the Alliance of a noble Family--

Heart. No, I hope I ſhall never merit that affliction---to be puniſh'd with a Wife of Birth---Be a Stag of the firſt Head, and bear my Horns aloft, like one of the ſupporters of my Wives Coat. S'death I would not be a Cuckold to e're an illuſtrious Whore in *England.*

Bell. What, not to make your Family, man! and provide for your children!

Sharp. For her Children, you mean.

Heart. Ay, there you've nick't it--there's the Devil upon Devil--Oh the Pride and Joy of Heart 'twould be to me, to have my Son and heir reſemble ſuch a Duke--to have a ſleering Coxcomb ſcoff and cry, Mr. your Son's mighty like his Grace, has juſt his ſmile, and air of's Face. Then replies another--methinks he has more of the Marqueſs of ſuch a place, about his Noſe and Eyes; though a has my Lord what d'ee cals mouth to a tittle--Then I to put it off as unconcern'd, come chuck the Infant under the chin, force a ſmile and cry, ay, the Boy takes after his Mothers relations--when the Devil and ſhe knows, 'tis a little compound of the whole Body of Nobility.

Bell. }
Sharp. } Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well, but *George*, I have one Queſtion to ask you--

Heart. Pox, I have pratled away my time--I hope you are in no haſte for an Anſwer--for I ſhan't ſtay now. (*Looking on his Watch*

Bell. Nay prithee *George*--

Heart. No, beſides my Buſineſs, I ſee a Fool coming this way. Adieu. *Exit.*

Bell. What does he mean? Oh here he comes, ſtand cloſe, let 'em paſs.

Sir *Joſeph Wittal* and Capt. *Eluſſe*, croſs the Stage.

Sharp. What in the name of wonder is it?

Bell. VVhy a Fool.

Sharp.

Sharp. 'Tis a tawdry Outside.

Bell. And a very beggarly Lining--yet he may be worth your acquaintance--a little of thy Chymistry, *Tom*, may extract Gold from that Dirt.

Sharp. Say you so? faith I am as poor as a Chymist, and would be as industrious. But what was he that follow'd him? is not he a Draggon that watches those Golden Pippins?

Bell. Hang him, no, he a Draggon! if he be, 'tis a very peaceful one, I can ensure his *Anger* dormant; or should he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he will sleep like a Top.

Sharp. Ay, is he of that kidney?

Bell. Yet is ador'd by that Biggot Sir *Joseph Wittol*, as the image of Valour: He calls him his Back, and indeed they are never asunder--yet last night, I know not by what mischance, the Knight was alone, and had fallen into the hands of some Night-walkers, who I suppose would have pillag'd him: But I chanc'd to come by, and rescued him, though I believe he was heartily frightned, for as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away, without staying to see who help'd him.

Sharp. Is that Bully of his in the Army?

Bell. No, but is a pretender, and wears the habit of a Soldier, which now a days as often cloaks Cowardice, as a Black Gown does Atheism--You must know he has been abroad--went purely to run away from a Campagne; enrich'd himself with the plunder of a few Oaths;---and here vents 'em against the General, who slighting men of merit, and preferring only those of interest, has made him quit the Service.

Sharp. VVherein no doubt he magnifies his own performance.

Bell. Speaks miracles, is the Drum to his own praise--the only implement of a Soldier he resembles, like that, being full of blustring noise and emptiness--

Sharp. And like that, of no use but to be beaten.

Bell. Right, but then the comparison breaks, for he will take a drubbing with as little noise as a Pulpit Cushion.

Sharp. His name, and I have done.

Bell. Why that, to pass it current too, he has guilded with a Title; he is call'd Capt. *Bluffe*.

Sharp. Well, I'll endeavour his acquaintance——you ſteer another Courſe, are bound,

For Love's Iſland: I, for the Golden Coaſt,
May each ſucceed in what he wiſhes moſt. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Joſeph Wittoll, Sharper *following.*

Sharp. SUre that's he, and alone.

Sir *Jo.* Um——Ay this, this is the very damn'd place; the inhumane Cannibals, the bloody-minded Villains would have Butcher'd me laſt night: No doubt, they would have ſlead me alive, have ſold my skin, and devour'd my members.

Sharp. How's this!

Sir *Jo.* An it hadn't been for a civil Gentleman as came by and frighten'd 'em away—— but agad I durſt not ſtay to give him thanks.

Sharp. This muſt be *Belmour* he means---ha! I have a thought--

Sir *Jo.* Zooks, would the Captain would come; the very remembrance makes me quake; agad I ſhall never be reconciled to this place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis but trying, and being where I am, at worſt, now luck---curs'd fortune! this muſt be the place, this damn'd unlucky place---

Sir *Jo.* Agad, and ſo 'tis---why here has been more miſchief done, I perceive.

Sharp. No, 'tis gone, 'tis loſt---ten thouſand devils on that chance which drew me hither; ay here, juſt here, this ſpot to me is Hell; nothing to be found, but the deſpair of what I've loſt.

(*Looking about as in ſearch*

Sir *Jo.* Poor Gentleman--by the Lord *Harry* i'll ſtay no longer, for I have found too---

Sharp. Ha! who's that has found? what have you found? reſtore it quickly, or by---

Sir *Jo.* Not I Sir, not I, as I've a ſoul to be ſav'd, I have found nothing

thing but what has been to my loſs, as I may ſay, and as you were ſaying Sir.

Sharp. O your Servant Sir, you are ſafe then, it ſeems; 'tis an ill Wind that blows no body good: Well, you may rejoyce over my ill fortune, ſince it paid the price of your ranſome.

Sir *Jo.* I rejoyce! agad not I Sir; I'me ſorry for your loſs, with all my heart, Blood, and Guts Sir; and if you did but know me, you'd ne're ſay I were ſo ill natur'd.

Sharp. Know you! why can you be ſo ungrateful, to forget me!

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, forget him! No no, Sir, I don't forget you--becauſe I never ſaw your face before, agad. Ha, ha, ha.

Sharp. How! (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* Stay, ſtay Sir, let me recollect---he's a damn'd angry fellow--I believe I had better remember him, till I can get out of his ſight; but out o'ſight out o'mind agad (*aſide*

Sharp. Methought the ſervice I did you laſt night, Sir, in preſerving you from thoſe Ruffians, might have taken better root in your ſhallow memory.

Sir *Jo.* Gads-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards---this is the very Gentleman! how ſhall I make him a return ſuitable to the greatneſs of his merit---I had a pretty thing to that purpoſe, if he han't frighted it out of my memory. Hem! hem! Sir, I muſt ſubmiſſively implore your pardon for my tranſgreſſion of ingratitude and omiſſion; having my intire dependance, Sir, upon the ſuperfluity of your goodneſs, which, like an inundation, will, I hope, totally immerge the recollection of my error, and leave me floating in your ſight, upon the full blown bladders of repentance---by the help of which, I ſhall once more hope to ſwim into your favour (*Bows*

Sharp. So--h, O Sir I am eaſily pacify'd, the acknowledgment of a Gentleman--

Sir *Jo.* Acknowledgment! Sir, I am all over acknowledgment, and will not ſtick to ſhew it in the greateſt extremity, by night or by day, in ſickneſs or in health, winter or ſummer, all ſeaſons and occaſions ſhall teſtify the reality and gratitude of your ſuperabundant humble Servant Sir *Joſeph Wittol* Knight. Hem! hem!

Sharp

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph Wittoll!*

Sir Jo. The ſame, Sir, of *Wittoll-Hall* in *Comitatu Bucks.*

Sharp. Is it poſſible! Then I am happy to have obliged the Mirrour of Knighthood, and Pink of Courteſie in the Age, let me embrace you.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, Sir!

Sharp. My loſs I eſteem as a trifle repaid with intereſt, ſince it has purchas'd me the friendſhip and acquaintance of the perſon in the World, whoſe Character I admire.

Sir *Jo.* You are only pleaſed to ſay ſo, Sir,--But pray, if I may be ſo bold, what is that loſs you mention?

Sharp. O term it no longer ſo, Sir. In the ſcuffle laſt night I only dropt a Bill of a hundred pound, which I confeſs, I came half deſpairing to recover; but thanks to my better Fortune--

Sir *Jo.* You have found it Sir, then, it ſeems; I profeſs I'me heartily glad--

Sharp. Sir, your humble Servant--I don't queſtion but you are; that you have ſo cheap an opportunity of expreſſing your gratitude and generoſity. Since the refunding ſo trivial a Sum, will wholly acquit you, and doubly engage me.

Sir *Jo.* What a dickens does he mean by a trivial Sum (*aſide*) But han't you found it, Sir!

Sharp. No otherwiſe, I vow to Gad, but in my hopes in you, Sir.

Sir *Jo. Humph.*

Sharp. But that's ſufficient--'Twere injuſtice to doubt the honour of Sir *Jo. Wittol.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, Sir.

Sharp. You are above (I'me ſure) a thought ſo low, to ſuffer me to loſe what was ventur'd in your ſervice; Nay, 'twas in a manner—Paid down for your deliverance; 'twas ſo much lent you--And you ſcorn, I'le ſay that for you——

Sir *Jo.* Nay, I'le ſay that for my ſelf (with your leave Sir) I do ſcorn a dirty thing. But agad I'me a little out of pocket at preſent.

Sharp. Pſhaw, you cant want a hundred pound. Your Word is ſufficient any where; 'Tis but borrowing ſo much dirt, you have large Acres, and can ſoon repay it--Money is but dirt, Sir *Joſeph*,--meer dirt.

Sir *Jo.* But I profeſs, 'tis a dirt I have waſh'd my hands of at preſent; I have laid it all out upon my back. *Sharp.*

Sharp. Are you ſo extravagant in Clothes, Sir *Joſeph?*

Sir *Jo.* Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jeſt, I profeſs, ha, ha, ha, a very good jeſt, and I did not know that I had ſaid it, and that's a better jeſt than t'other. 'Tis a ſign you and I han't been long acquainted; you have loſt a good jeſt for want of knowing me--I only mean a friend of mine whom I call my Back; he ſticks as cloſe to me, and follows me through all dangers--he is indeed Back, Breſt and Head-piece as it were to me--agad he's a brave fellow--Pauh, I am quite another thing, when I am with him: Idon't fear the Devil (God bleſs us) almoſt, if he be by. Ah--had he been with me laſt night--

Sharp. If he had Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have ſuffer'd ſo much--had he a hundred pound to loſe (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* O Lord Sir, by no means (but I might have ſav'd a hundred pound) I meant innocently, as I hop'd to be ſav'd, Sir (a damn'd hot Fellow) only as I was ſaying, I let him have all my ready money to redeem his great Sword from *Limbo*--But, Sir, I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman *Fondlewife*, as far as two hundred pound, and this Afternoon you ſhall ſee I am a perſon, ſuch a one as you would wiſh to have met with.

Sharp. That you are, I'le be ſworn (*aſide*) Why that's great, and like your ſelf.

Enter Bluffe.

Sir *Jo.* Oh here a' comes--Ah my Hector of *Troy*, welcome my Bully, my back; agad my heart has gone a pit-pat for thee.

Bluff. How how, my young Knight? Not for fear I hope; he that knows me, muſt be a ſtranger to fear.

Sir *Jo.* Nay agad I hate fear ever ſince I had like to have dy'd of a fright. But--

Bluff. But? Look you here, boy, here's your Antidote, here's your Jeſuits Powder for a ſhaking fit--But who haſt thou got with thee, is he of mettle? (*Laying his hand upon his ſword.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay bully, a devilliſh ſmart fellow, 'a will fight like a Cock.

Bluff. Say you ſo? then I honour him——but has he been abroad, for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghil.

Sir *Jo.* I don't know, but I'll preſent you——

Bluff. I'll recommend my ſelf—— Sir, I honour you; I underſtand

ſtand you love Fighting, I reverence a Man that loves Fighting, Sir I kiſs your Hilts.

Sharp. Sir your Servant, but you are misinform'd, for unleſs it be to ſerve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joſeph* here, my Country, or my Religion, or in ſome very juſtifiable Cauſe, I'me not for it.

Bluff. O Lord I beg your pardon Sir, I find you are not of my Pallat, you can't reliſh a Diſh of Fighting without ſweet ſawce. Now I think-- Fighting for Fighting ſake's ſufficient Cauſe; Fighting, to me's Religion and the Laws.

Sir *Jo.* Ah, well ſaid my *Hero*; was not that great, Sir? by the Lord *Harry* he ſays true; Fighting, is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentlemen is one of the beſt Friends I have in the World and ſaved my Life laſt Night — You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay! Then I honour him again-- Sir may I crave your name?

Sharp. Ay Sir, my name's *Sharper.*

Sir *Jo.* Pray Mr. *Sharper* Embrace my Back-- very well-- By the Lord *Harry* Mr. *Sharper* he's as brave a Fellow as Cannibal, are not you Bully-- Back?

Sharp. Hannibal I believe you mean Sir *Joſeph.*

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow——but Sir *Joſeph*, compariſons are odious-- *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in thoſe Days, it muſt be granted-- But alas Sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, Nothing in the Earth.

Sharp. How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General Breathing.

Bluff. Oh excuſe me Sir; have you ſerv'd a broad Sir?

Sharp. Not I really Sir.

Bluff. Oh I thought ſo-- Why then you can know nothing Sir; I'me afraid you ſcarce know the Hiſtory of the Late War in *Flanders*, with all its particulars.

Sharp. Not I, Sir, no more than publick Letters, or *Gazzets* tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why there again now-- Why, Sir, there are not three words of Truth, the Year round, put into the Gazette-- I'le tell you a ſtrange thing now as to that-- You muſt know, Sir, I was reſident in *Flanders* the laſt Campagn, had a ſmall Poſt there; but no matter for that-- Perhaps, Sir, there was ſcarce any thing of mo-

ment

ment done but an humble Servant of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, was an Eye-witneſs of-- I won't ſay had the greateſt ſhare in't. Tho I might ſay that too, ſince I am no body you know-- Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this time-- as I hope for a Truncheon-- this raſcally Gazette-writer never ſo much as once mention'd me-- Not once by the Wars-- Took no more notice, than as if *Nol. Bluffe* had not been in the Land of the Living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir *Jo.* Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every day to Coffee-houſes to read the Gazette my ſelf.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no matter-- You ſee Mr. *Sharper* after all I am content to retire-- Live a private Perſon-- *Scipio* and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent Rogue. (*aſide.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay, this damn'd Modeſty of yours-- Agad if he would put in for't he might be made General himſelf yet.

Bluff. Oh fy no Sir *Joſeph*-- you know I hate this.

Sir *Jo.* Let me tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you let fire once out of the mouth of a Canon-- agad he did; thoſe inpenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames--

Bluff. Death, what do you mean Sir *Joſeph*?

Sir *Jo.* Look you now, I tell you he's ſo modeſt he'l own nothing.

Bluff. Piſh you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me leave. (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword I think I was telling you of Mr. *Sharper*—— This Sword I'le maintain to be the beſt Divine, Anatomiſt, Lawyer or Caſuiſt in *Europe*; it ſhall decide a Controverſie or ſplit a Cauſe——

Sir *Jo.* Nay, now I muſt ſpeak; it will ſplit a Hair by the Lord *Harry*, I have ſeen it.

Bluff. Zoons Sir, it's a Lie, you have not ſeen it, nor ſhant ſee it; Sir I ſay you can't ſee; what de'e ſay to that now?

Sir *Jo.* I am blind.

Bluff. Death, had any other Man interrupted me——

Sir *Jo.* Good Mr. *Sharper* ſpeak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir *Joſeph*'s penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm Sir, calm as a diſcharg'd Culverin-- But 'twas

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Enter Bluffe.

Sir *Jo.* Oh here a' comes--Ah my Hector of *Troy*, welcome my Bully, my back; agad my heart has gone a pit-pat for thee.

Bluff. How how, my young Knight? Not for fear I hope; he that knows me, muſt be a ſtranger to fear.

Sir *Jo.* Nay agad I hate fear ever ſince I had like to have dy'd of a fright. But--

Bluff. But? Look you here, boy, here's your Antidote, here's your Jeſuits Powder for a ſhaking fit--But who haſt thou got with thee, is he of mettle? (*Laying his hand upon his ſword.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay bully, a devilliſh ſmart fellow, 'a will fight like a Cock.

Bluff. Say you ſo? then I honour him——but has he been abroad, for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghil.

Sir *Jo.* I don't know, but I'll preſent you—

Bluff. I'll recommend my ſelf—— Sir, I honour you; I under-

ſtand

ſtand you love Fighting, I reverence a Man that loves Fighting, Sir I kiſs your Hilts.

Sharp. Sir your Servant, but you are misinform'd, for unleſs it be to ſerve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joſeph* here, my Country, or my Religion, or in ſome very juſtifiable Cauſe, I'me not for it.

Bluff. O Lord I beg your pardon Sir, I find you are not of my Pallat, you can't reliſh a Diſh of Fighting without ſweet ſawce. Now I think--Fighting for Fighting ſake's ſufficient Cauſe; Fighting, to me's Religion and the Laws.

Sir *Jo.* Ah, well ſaid my *Hero*; was not that great, Sir? by the Lord-*Harry* he ſays true; Fighting, is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentlemen is one of the beſt Friends I have in the World and ſaved my Life laſt Night — You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay! Then I honour him again--Sir may I crave your name?

Sharp. Ay Sir, my name's *Sharper*.

Sir *Jo.* Pray Mr. *Sharper* Embrace my Back-- very well-- By the Lord *Harry* Mr. *Sharper* he's as brave a Fellow as Cannibal, are not you Bully--Back?

Sharp. Hannibal I believe you mean Sir *Joſeph*.

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow——but Sir *Joſeph*, compariſons are odious-- *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in thoſe Days, it muſt be granted-- But alas Sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, Nothing in the Earth.

Sharp. How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General Breathing.

Bluff. Oh excuſe me Sir; have you ſerv'd a broad Sir?

Sharp. Not I really Sir.

Bluff. Oh I thought ſo-- Why then you can know nothing Sir; I'me afraid you ſcarce know the Hiſtory of the Late War in *Flanders*, with all its particulars.

Sharp. Not I, Sir, no more than publick Letters, or *Gazzets* tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why there again now-- Why, Sir, there are not three words of Truth, the Year round, put into the Gazette-- I'le tell you a ſtrange thing now as to that-- You muſt know, Sir, I was reſident in *Flanders* the laſt Campagn, had a ſmall Poſt there; but no matter for that-- Perhaps, Sir, there was ſcarce any thing of mo-

ment

ment done but an humble Servant of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, was an Eye-witneſs of-- I won't ſay had the greateſt ſhare in't. Tho I might ſay that too, ſince I am no body you know-- Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this time-- as I hope for a Truncheon-- this raſcally Gazette-writer never ſo much as once mention'd me-- Not once by the Wars-- Took no more notice, than as if *Nol. Bluffe* had not been in the Land of the Living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir *Jo.* Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every day to Coffee-houſes to read the Gazette my ſelf.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no matter-- You ſee Mr. *Sharper* after all I am content to retire-- Live a private Perſon-- *Scipio* and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent Rogue. (*aſide.*

Sir *Jo.* Ay, this damn'd Modeſty of yours-- Agad if he would put in for't he might be made General himſelf yet.

Bluff. Oh fy no Sir *Joſeph*-- you know I hate this.

Sir *Jo.* Let me tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you let fire once out of the mouth of a Canon-- agad he did; thoſe inpenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames--

Bluff. Death, what do you mean Sir *Joſeph*?

Sir *Jo.* Look you now, I tell you he's ſo modeſt he'l own nothing.

Bluff. Piſh you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me leave. (*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword I think I was telling you of Mr. *Sharper*—— This Sword I'le maintain to be the beſt Divine, Anatomiſt, Lawyer or Caſuiſt in *Europe*; it ſhall decide a Controverſie or ſplit a Cauſe——

Sir *Jo.* Nay, now I muſt ſpeak; it will ſplit a Hair by the Lord *Harry*, I have ſeen it.

Bluff. Zoons Sir, it's a Lie, you have not ſeen it, nor ſhant ſee it; Sir I ſay you can't ſee; what de'e ſay to that now?

Sir *Jo.* I am blind.

Bluff. Death, had any other Man interrupted me——

Sir *Jo.* Good Mr. *Sharper* ſpeak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir *Joſeph*'s penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm Sir, calm as a diſcharg'd Culverin-- But 'twas

indiſcreet, when you know what will provoke me-- Nay come Sir *Joſeph*, you know my Heat's ſoon over.

Sir *Jo.* Well I am a Fool ſometimes-- But I'me ſorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir *Jo.* Come we'le go take a Glaſs to drown Animoſities. Mr. *Sharper* will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you Sir; nay pray Captain-- You are Sir *Joſeph*'s Back. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to Lodgings.*

Enter Araminta, Belinda.

Belin. Ay! nay dear-- prithee good, dear ſweet Couſin no more. Oh Gad, I ſwear you'd make one ſick to hear you.

Aram. Bleſs me! what have I ſaid to move you thus?

Belin. Oh you have raved, talked idly, and all in Commendation of that filthy, awkard, two-legg'd Creature, Man-- you don't know what you ſaid, your Fever has tranſported you.

Aram. If Love be the Fever which you mean; kind Heav'n avert the cure: Let me have Oil to feed that Flame and never let it be extinct, till, I my ſelf am Aſhes.

Belin. There was a Whine-- O Gad I hate your horrid fancy-- This Love is the Devil, and ſure to be in Love is to be poſſeſs'd-- 'Tis in the Head, the Heart, the Blood, the-- All over—— O Gad you are quite ſpoil'd-- I ſhall loath the ſight of Mankind for your ſake.

Aram. Fie, this is groſs Affectation-- A little of *Bellmour*'s Company would change the Scene.

Belin. Filthy Fellow! I wonder Couſin--

Aram. I wonder Couſin you ſhould imagine, I don't perceive you love him.

Belin. O I love your hideous Fancy! Ha, ha, ha, love a Man!

Aram. Love a Man! yes, you would not love a Beaſt.

Belin. Of all beaſts not an Aſs-- Which is ſo like your *Vainlove*-- Lard I have ſeen an Aſs look ſo Chagrin, Ha, ha, ha, ha, (I crave you muſt pardon me I can't help Laughing) that an abſolute Lover would have concluded the poor Creature to have had Darts and Flames, and Altars, and all that in his Breaſt. *Araminta* come

come, I'll talk ſeriouſly to you now; could you but ſee with my Eyes, the buffoonary of one ſcene of Addreſs, a Lover, ſet out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances; O Gad! ſure you would -- But you play the Game, and conſequently can't ſee the miſcarriages obvious to every ſtander by.

Aram. Yes, yes, I can ſee ſomething near it when you and *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dreamt of *Bellmour* laſt night, and call'd him aloud in your ſleep.

Belin. Piſh, I can't help dreaming of the devil ſometimes; would you from thence infer I love him?

Aramin. But that's not all; you caught me in your Arms when you named him, and preſs'd me to your boſom——Sure if I had not pinch'd you till you wak'd, you had ſtifled me with kiſſes.

Belin. O barbarous Aſperſion!

Aram. No *Aſperſion*, Couſin, we are alone—Nay, I can tell you more.

Belin. I deny it all.

Aram. What, before you hear it?

Belin. My denial is premeditated like your Malice--Lard, Couſin, you talk odly--Whatever the matter is, O my Sol, I'm afraid you'll follow evil Courſes.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha, this is pleaſant.

Belin. You may laugh, but---

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Belin. You think the malicious Grinn becomes you--The Devil take *Bellmour*--Why do you tell me of him?

Aram. Oh is it come out--Now you are angry, I am ſure you love him. I tell no body elſe, Couſin--I have not betraid you yet.

Belin. Prithee tell it all the world, it's falſe. *Betty.* (*Calls*

Aram. Come then, kiſs and friends.

Belin. Piſh.

Aram. Prithee don't be ſo peeviſh.

Belin. Prithee don't be ſo impertinent.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

Belin. Get my Hoods and Tippet, and bid the Footman call a Chair. *Exit.* Betty.

Aram. I hope you are not going out in dudgeon, Couſin.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there are--

Bell. Is there a Chair?

Foot. No, Madam, there are Mr. *Bellmour* and Mr. *Vainlove* to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Aram. Are they below?

Foot. No, Madam, they ſent before, to know if you were at home.

Belin. The Viſit's to you, Couſin, I ſuppoſe I am at my liberty.

Aram. Be ready to ſhew 'em up. (*Exit* Footman

I can't tell, Couſin, I believe we are equally concern'd: But if you continue your Humour, it won't be very entertaining—(I know ſhe'd fain be perſwaded to ſtay. (*Aſide.*

Belin. I ſhall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free enjoyment of that Converſation you admire.

Enter Betty *with Hoods and Looking Glaſs.*

Belin. Let me ſee; hold the Glaſs—— Lard, I look wretchedly to day.

Aram. Betty, why don't you help my Couſin? (Putting on her Hoods

Belin. Hold off your Fiſts, and ſee that he gets a Chair with a high Roof, or a very low Seat--Stay, Come back here, you Mrs. Fidget--You are ſo ready to go to the Footman—Here, take 'em all again, my mind's chang'd, I won't go. (*Exit. Betty with the things*

Aram. So, this I expected——You won't oblige me then, Couſin, and let me have all the Company to my ſelf?

Belin. No; upon deliberation, I have too much charity to truſt you to your ſelf. The Devil watches all opportunities; and in this favourable diſpoſition of your mind, Heav'n knows how far you may be tempted: I am tender of your Reputation.

Aram. I am oblig'd to you--But who's malicious now, *Belinda*?

Belin. Not I; witneſs my Heart, I ſtay out of pure Affection.

Aram. In my Conſcience I believe you.

Enter Bellmour, Vainlove.

Bell. So, Fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, Ladies, is——

Aram. No miracle, I hope.

Bell. Not o' your ſide, Madam, I confeſs--But my Tyrant there and I, are two Buckets, that can never come together.

Belin.

Belin. Nor are ever like--Yet we often meet and clash.

Belin. How, never like! marry, *Hymen* forbid: but this it is to run so extravagantly in debt; I have laid out such a world of Love in your Service, that you think you can never be able to pay me all: So shun me for the same reason that you would have a Dun.

Belin. Ay, on my Conscience, and the most impertinent and troublesome of Duns--A Dun for Money will be quiet, when he sees his Debtor has not wherewithal——but a Dun for Love is an eternal Torment, that never rests——

Bell. Till he has created Love where there was none, and then gets it for his pains. For importunity in Love, like importunity at Court; first creates its own Interest, and then pursues it for the Favour.

Aram. Favours that are got by Impudence and Importunity, are like discoveries from the Rack, when the afflicted person, for his ease, sometimes confesses Secrets his heart knows nothing of.

Vain. I should rather think Favours, so gain'd, to be due Rewards to indefatigable Devotion——For as Love is a Deity, he must be serv'd by Prayer.

Belin. O Gad, would you would all pray to Love then, and let us alone.

Vain. You are the Temples of *Love*, and 'tis through you, our Devotion must be convey'd.

Aram. Rather poor silly Idols of your own making, which, upon the least displeasure you forsake, and set up new——Every man now changes his Mistress and his Religion, as his Humour varies, or his Interest.

Vain. O Madam——

Aram. Nay come, I find we are growing serious, and then we are in great danger of being dull--If my Musick-master be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new Song, which comes pretty near my own Opinion of Love and your Sex——who's there? (*Calls.*

Enter Footman.

Is Mr. *Gavot* gone?

Foot. Only to the next door, Madam; I'll call him. (*Exit.*

Bell. Why, you won't hear me with patience.

Aram. What's the matter, Cousin?

Bell.

Bell. Nothing, Madam, only—

Belin. Prithee hold thy tongue—Lard, he has ſo peſter'd me with Flames and Stuff—I think I ſhan't endure the ſight of a Fire this twelvemonth.

Bell. Not all can't melt that cruel frozen heart.

Belin. O Gad I hate your hideous fancy—You ſaid that once before——If you muſt talk impertinently, for Heaven's ſake let it be with variety; don't come always, like the devil, wrapt in Flames—I'll not hear a Sentence more, that begins with an, I burn—Or an, I beſeech you, Madam.

Bell. But tell me how you would be Ador'd—I am very tractable.

Belin. Then know, I would be Ador'd in Silence.

Bell. Humph, I thought ſo, that you might have all the Talk to your ſelf—You had better let me ſpeak; for if my thoughts fly to any pitch, I ſhall make villanous Signs.

Belin. What will you get by that? To make ſuch Signs as I won't underſtand.

Bell. Ay, but if I'm Tongue-ty'd, I muſt have all my Actions free to—Quicken your Apprehenſion—And I glad let me tell you, my ſtanding Argument is depreſs'd in dumb ſhew.

Enter Muſick Maſter.

Aram. O I am glad we ſhall have a Song to divert the Diſcourſe—Pray oblige us with the laſt new Song.

SONG.

I.

Thus, to a ripe, conſenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia *ſaid,*
Would you long preſerve your Lover?
Would you ſtill his Goddeſs-reign?
Never let him all diſcover,
Never let him much obtain.

II.

Men will admire, adore and dye,
While wiſhing at your Feet they lye:
But admitting their Embraces,

Wakes

Wakes 'em from the Golden Dream;
Nothing's new beſides our Faces,
Every Woman is the ſame.

Aram. So, how de'e like the Song, Gentlemen?

Bell. O very well perform'd-- But I don't much admire the Words.

Aram. I expected it-- there's too much Truth in 'em: If Mr. *Gavot* will walk with us in the Garden, we'le have it at once again-- You may like it better at a ſecond hearing. You'l bring my Couſin.

Bell. Faith, Madam, I dare not ſpeak to her, but I'le make Signs. (*Addreſſes* Belinda *in dumb ſhew.*

Belin. O fogh, your dumb Rhetorick is more ridiculous, than your talking Impertinence; as an Ape is a much more troubleſome Animal than a Parrot.

Aram. Ay, Couſin, and 'tis a ſign the Creatures mimick Nature well, for there are few Men, but do more ſilly things, then they ſay.

Bell. Well, I find my Apiſhneſs has paid the Ranſom for my ſpeech and ſet it at Liberty-- Tho, I confeſs, I cou'd be well enough pleas'd to drive on a Love-bargin, in that ſilent manner-- I would ſave a Man a World of Lying and Swearing at the years end. Beſides, I have had a little Experience, that brings to my mind--

When Wit and Reaſon, both, have fail'd to move;
Kind Looks and Actions (from Succeſs) do prove,
Ev'n Silence may be Eloquent in Love.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Silvia *and* Lucy.

Silvia. WILL a' not come then?

Lucy. Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

Silv. Why did you not tell me?-- Whom mean you?

Lucy.

Lucy. Whom you ſhould mean, *Heartwell.*

Silv. Senſeleſs Creature, I meant my *Vainlove.*

Lucy. You may as ſoon hope, to recover your own Maidenhead, as his Love. Therefore e'n ſet your Heart at reſt, and in the name of opportunity mind your buſ'neſs. Strike, *Heartwell* home, before the bait's worn off the Hook, Age will come; he nibbled fairly yeſteday, and no doubt will be eager enough to day, to ſwallow the Temptation.

Silv. Well, ſince there's no remedy-- Yet tell me - For I would know, though to the anguiſh of my Soul; how did he refuſe? Tell me-- how did he receive my Letter, in Anger or in Scorn?

Lucy, Neither; but what was ten times worſe, with damn'd, ſenſeleſs indifference. By this Light I could have ſpit in his Face-- Receive it! why he receiv'd it, as I would one of your Lovers that ſhould come empty-handed; as a Court-Lord does his Mercers Bill, or a begging Dedication;-- a' receiv'd it, as if 'thad been a letter from his Wife.

Silv. What did he not read it?

Lucy. Hum'd it over, gave you his Reſpects, and ſaid, he would take time to peruſe it——But then he was in haſte.

Silv. Reſpects, and peruſe it! He's gone, and *Araminta* has bewitch'd him from me-- Oh how the name of Rival fires my blood-- I could curſe 'em both; Eternal jealouſie attend her Love; and diſappointment, meet his Luſt. Oh that I could revenge the Torment he has caus'd-- Methinks I feel the women ſtrong within me, and Vengeance itches in the roots of Love.

Lucy. I have that in my Head may make Miſchief.

Silv. How, dear *Lucy.*

Lucy. You know *Araminta's* diſſembled Coyneſs has won, and keeps him hers.

Silv. Could we perſwade him, that ſhe Loves another--

Lucy. No, you're out; could we perſwade him, that ſhe doats on him, himſelf-- Contrive a kind Letter as from her, 'twould diſguſt his nicety, and take away his Stomach.

Silv. Impoſſible, 'twill never take.

Lucy. Trouble not your Head. Let me alone-- I will inform my ſelf of what paſt between 'em to Day, and about it ſtreight-- Hold, I'me miſtaken, or that's *Heartwell,* who ſtands talking at the Cor-

ner.

ner——'tis he——Go get you in Madam, receive him pleasantly, dress up your Face in innocence and smiles; and dissemble the very want of dissimulation——You know what will take him.

Silv. 'Tis as hard to counterfeit love, as it is to conceal it: but I'll do my weak endeavour, tho I fear I have not Art.

Lucy. Hang Art, Madam, and trust to Nature for dissembling.

Man, was by Nature Womans Cully made:
We never are but by our selves betraid. *Exeunt.*

Enter Heartwell, Vainlove *and* Bellmour *following.*

Bell. Hist, hist, is not that *Heartwell* going to *Silvia?*

Vain. He's talking to himself, I think; Prithee let's try if we can hear him.

Heart. Why whither in the Devil's name am I going now? Hum——Let me think——Is not this *Silvia*'s House, the Cave of that Enchantress, and which consequently I ought to shun, as I would infection? To enter here, is to put on the envenom'd shirt, to run into the embraces of a Fevor, and in some raving fit, be led to plunge my self into that more consuming Fire, a womans arms. Ha! well recollected, I will recover my reason, and be gone.

Bell. Now *Venus* forbid! *Vain.* Hust——

Heart. Well, why do you not move? Feet do your Office--Not one Inch; no, Foregod I'me caught——There stands my North, and thither my needle points——Now could I curse my self, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear destructive woman! S'death how the young Fellows will hoot me! I shall be the Jest of the Town. Nay, in two days, I expect to be chronicled in ditty, and sung in woful Ballad, to the tune of the superannuated Maidens Comfort, or the Batchelors Fall; and upon the third, I shall be hang'd in Effigie, pasted up for the exemplary Ornament of necessary Houses, and Coblers Stalls--S'death, I can't think on't--I'll run into the danger to lose the apprehension. *Goes in.*

Bell. A very certain remedy, *probatum est*--Ha, ha, ha, poor *George*, thou art i'th right, thou hast sold thy self to Laughter; the ill-natur'd Town will find the Jest where thou hast lost it. Ha, ha, how a' strugled, like an Old Lawyer, between two Fees,

Vain. Or a young Wench, betwixt pleasure and reputation.

Bell. Or as you did to day, when half afraid you snatch'd a kiss from *Araminta.*

Vain. She has made a quarrel on't.

Belin. Pauh, Women are only angry at such offences, to have the pleasure of forgiving 'em.

Vain. And I love to have the pleasure of making my peace—I should not esteem a Pardon, if too easy won.

Bell. Thou dost not know what thou wouldst be at; whether thou would'st have her angry or pleas'd. Could'st thou be be content to marry *Araminta?*

Vain. Could you be content to go to Heaven?

Bell. Hum, not immediately, in my Conscience not heartily? I'd do a little more good in my generation first, in order to deserve it.

Vain. Nor I to marry *Araminta* till I merit her.

Bell. But how the devil dost thou expect to get her, if she never yield?

Vain. That's true; but I would——

Bell. Marry her without her Consent; thou'rt a Riddle beyond Woman.

Enter Setter.

Trusty *Setter* what tydings? How goes the project?

Setter. As lewd projects do, Sir, where the Devil prevents our endeavours with success.

Bell. A good hearing, *Setter.*

Vain. Well, I'll leave you with your Engineer. *Exit.*

Bell. And hast thou provided necessaries?

Setter. All, all, Sir; the large sanctified Hat, and the little precise Band, with a swinging long spiritual Cloak, to cover Carnal Knavery—not forgetting the black patch, which Tribulation *Spirtext* wears, as I'm inform'd upon one eye, as a penal mourning for the ogling offences of his Youth; and some say, with that eye, he first discover'd the frailty of his Wife.

Bell. Well, in this Fanatick Fathers habit, will I confess *Lætitia.*

Setter. Rather prepare her for Confession, Sir, by helping her to Sin.

Bell. Be at your Masters Lodging in the Evening—I shall use the Robes.

Exit: Bell.

Setter. I ſhall, Sir---I wonder to which of theſe two Gentlemen I do moſt properly appertain---The one uſes me as his Attendant; the other (being the better acquainted with my parts) employs me as a Pimp: why that's much the more honourable employment---by all means---I follow one as my Maſter, but the other follows me as his Conductor.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. There's the Hang-Dog his man---I had a power over him in the Reign of my Miſtreſs; but he is too true a *Valet de-chambre* not to affect his Maſter's faults; and conſequently is revolted from his Allegiance:

Setter: Undoubtedly 'tis impoſſible to be a Pimp, and not a man of Parts: That is, without being politick, diligent, ſecret, wary and forſooth---And to all this, valiant as *Hercules*---That is, paſſively valiant, and actively obedient. Ah! *Setter*, what a treaſure is here loſt for want of being known.

Lucy. Here's ſome Villany a Foot he's ſo thoughtful; may be I may diſcover ſomething in my Maſque---Worthy Sir, a word with you. (*Puts on her Maſque*

Setter. Why if I were known, I might come to be a great man---

Lucy. Not to intempt your meditation---

Setter. And I ſhould not be the firſt that has procur'd his greatneſs by Pimping.

Lucy. Now poverty and the pox light upon thee, for a Contemp'ative Pimp.

Setter. Ha! what art, who thus maliciouſly haſt awaken'd me from my dream of Glory? ſpeak thou vile Diſturber---

Lucy. Of thy moſt vile Cogitations——Thou poor, conceited Wretch, how, wer't thou valuing thy ſelf upon thy Maſter's employment. For he's the head Pimp to Mr. *Bellmour.*

Setter. Good words, Damſel, or I ſhall——But how doſt thou know my Maſter or me?

Lucy. Yes, I know both Maſter and Man to be——

Setter. To be Men perhaps; nay faith like enough; I often march in the rear of my Maſter, and enter the breaches which he has made.

Lucy. Ay, the breach of Faith, which he has begun: Thou Traytor to thy lawful Princeſs.

Setter. Why how now! prithee who art? lay by that worldly face, and produce your natural vizor.

Lucy. No Sirrah, I'll keep it on to abuſe thee, and leave thee without hopes of revenge.

Setter. Oh! I begin to ſmoak ye, thou art ſome forſaken *Abigail*, we have dallied with heretofore---And art come to tickle thy Imagination with remembrance of iniquity paſt.

Lucy. No, thou pittiful Flatterer of thy Maſters imperfections; thou Maukin made up of the ſhreds and pairings of his ſuperfluous Fopperies.

Setter. Thou art thy Miſtreſſes ſoul ſelf, compoſed of her fully'd iniquities and cloathing.

Lucy. Hang thee---Beggars Curr---Thy Maſter is but a mumper in Love, lies canting at the Gate; but never dare preſume to enter the Houſe.

Setter. Thou art the Wicket to thy Miſtreſſes Gate, to be opened for all Comers. In Fine, thou art the high road to thy Miſtreſs, as a Clap is to the Pox.

Lucy. Beaſt, filthy Toad, I can hold no longer, look and tremble. (*unmaſques.*

Setter. How, Mrs. *Lucy.*

Lucy. I wonder thou haſt the impudence to look me in the face.

Setter. Adsbud who's in fault, Miſtreſs Mine? who flung the firſt Stone? who undervalued my Function? and who the Devil could know you by inſtinct?

Lucy. You could know my Office by inſtinct, and behang'd, which you have ſlander'd moſt abominably. It vexes me not what you ſaid of my perſon; but that my innocent Calling ſhould be expos'd and ſcandaliz'd---I cannot bear it. (*Cries*

Setter. Nay faith *Lucy*, I'm ſorry I'll own my ſelf to blame, tho we were both in fault as to our Offices---Come, I'll make you any reparation. *Lucy.* Swear.

Setter. I do ſwear to the utmoſt of my power.

Lucy. To be brief then; what is the reaſon your Maſter did not appear to day according to the Summons I brought him?

Sett. To anſwer you as briefly---He has a Cauſe to be try'd in another Court.

Lucy

Lucy. Come tell me in plain terms, how forward is he with *Arminta?*

Setter. Too forward too be turn'd back——Tho he's a little in disgrace at present without a Kiss which he forced. You and I can Kiss *Lucy*, without all that. *Lucy.* Stand off--He's a precious Jewel

Setter. And therefore you'd have him to set in your Ladies Locket.

Lucy. Where is he now?

Setter. He'll be in the *Piazza* presently.

Lucy. Remember to days behaviour——Let me see you with a penitent face.

Setter. What no Token of amity, *Lucy*? You and I don't use to part with dry lips.

Lucy. No, no, avaunt--I'll not be slabber'd and kiss'd now--I'm not i'th humour. *Exit.*

Setter. I'll not quit you so--I'll follow, and put you into the humour. (*Exit. after her.*

Enter Sir Joseph Wittol, Bluffe.

Bluff. And so out of your unwonted Generosity——

Sir *Jo.* And good Nature, Back; I am good Natur'd, and I can't help it.

Bluff. You have given him a note upon *Fumblewife* for a hundred pound.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

Bluff. You have disoblig'd me in it---for I have occasion for the money, and if you would look me in the face again, and live, go, and force him to re-deliver you the Note--go--and bring it me hither. I'll stay here for you.

Sir *Jo.* You may stay till the day of judgment then, by the Lord *Harry* I know better things, than to be run through the Guts for a hundred pound--Why I gave that hundred pound for being saved, and d'ee think, an there were no danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the Gentleman again?

Bluff. Well, go to him from me--Tell him, I say, he must refund--or Bilbo's the word, and slaughter will ensue--If he refuse, tell him--But whisper that--Tell him--I'll pink his soul--but whisper that softly to him.

Sir Jo. So softly, that he shall never hear on't I warrant you--Why what a devil's the matter, Bully, are you mad? Or d'ee think

think I'm mad? Agad, for my part, I don't love to be the Meſſenger of ill news; 'tis an ungrateful Office--So tell him your ſelf.

Bluff. By theſe Hilts I believe he frighten'd you into this compoſition; I believe you gave it him out of fear, pure paultry fear--confeſs.

Sir *Jo.* No, no, hang't, I was not afraid neither——Tho I confeſs he did in a manner ſnap me--Yet I can't ſay that it ws altogether out of fear, but partly to prevent miſchief—For he was a deviliſh cholerick fellow: And if my choller had been up too, agad there would have been miſchief done, that's flat. And yet I believe if you had been by, I would as ſoon have let him 'a had a hundred of my teeth. Adſheart, if he ſhould come juſt now when I'm angry, I'd tell him——Mum.

Enter Sharper, Bellmour.

Bell. Thou'rt a lucky Rogue; there's your Benefactor, you ought to return him Thanks now you have receiv'd the Favour.

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph*——Your Note was accepted, and the Money paid at ſight: I'm come to return my Thanks——

Sir *Jo.* They won't be accepted ſo readily as the Bill, Sir.

Bell. I doubt the Knight repents, *Tom*——He looks like the the Knight of the ſorrowful Face.

Sharp. This is a double Generoſity—Do me a kindneſs, and refuſe my Thanks--But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir *Jo.* May be I am Sir, may be I am not Sir, may be I am both Sir; what then? I hope I may be offended, without any offence to you, Sir.

Sharp. Hey day! Captain, what's the matter? You can tell.

Bluff. Mr. *Sharper*, the matter is plain---Sir *Joſeph* has found out your Trick, and does not care to be put upon; being a Man of Honour.

Sharp. Trick, Sir.

Sir *Jo.* Ay Trick, Sir, and won't be put upon Sir, being a Man of Honour, Sir, and ſo Sir---

Sharp. Hearkee, Sir *Joſeph*, a word with ye--In conſideration of ſome favours lately receiv'd; I would not have you draw your ſelf into a *Premunire*, by truſting to that ſign of a man there--That Pot-gun charg'd with Wind.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come juſtify your ſelf--I'll give him the Lye, if you'll ſtand to't.

Sharp.

Sharp. Nay then I'll be beforehand with you, take that--Oafe.
(*Cuffs him*

Sir Jo. Captain, will you ſee this? won't you pink his Soul?

Bluff. Huſht, 'tis not ſo convenient now--I ſhall find a time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a time, Raſcal--You were the Incendiary--There's to put you in mind of your time——A memorandum. (*Kicks him*

Bluff. O this is your time, Sir, you had beſt make uſe on't.

Sharp. I Gad and ſo I will: There's again for you (*Kicks him*

Bluff. You are obliging, Sir, but this is too publick a place to thank you in: But in your ear, you are to be ſeen again.

Sharp. Ay thou inimitable Coward, and to be felt——As for example (*Kicks him*

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, prithee come away, 'tis ſcandalous to kick this Puppy without a man were cold, and had no other way to get himſelf a heat. (*Exit.* Bell. Sharp.

Bluff. Very well--very fine--But 'tis no matter--Is not this fine, Sir *Joſeph*?

Sir Jo. Indifferent, agad in my opinion very indifferent——I'd rather go plain all my life, than wear ſuch finery.

Bluff. Death and Hell, to be affronted thus! I'll dye before I'll ſuffer it (*Draws*

Sir Jo. O Lord his Anger was not rais'd before--Nay, dear Captain, don't be in paſſion now, he's gone——Put up, put up, dear Back, 'tis your Sir *Joſeph* beggs, come let me kiſs thee, ſo, ſo, put up, put up. *Bluff.* By Heaven 'tis not to be put up.

Sir Jo. What Bully?

Bluff. Th'Affront.

Sir Jo. No agad no more 'tis, for that's put up already; thy Sword I mean.

Bluff. Well Sir *Joſeph*, at your entreaty---but were not you my Friend, Abus'd, and Cuff'd, and Kick'd? (*Putting up his Sword*

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, ſo were you too; no matter, 'tis paſt.

Bluff. By the immortal thunder of great Guns, 'tis falſe--He ſucks not vital Air, who dares affirm it to this face. (*Looks bigg*

Sir Jo. To that face I grant you Captain--No, no, I grant you--Not to that Face by the Lord *Harry*--If you had put on your fighting Face before, you had done his buſineſs--He durſt as ſoon have

kiſs'd

kiſs'd you, as kick'd you to your face——But a man can no more help what's done behind his back, than what's ſaid--Come, we'll think no more of what's paſt.

Bluff. I'll call a Council of War within to conſider of my Revenge to come. (*Exeunt*

SCENE *Changes to* Silvia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Heartwell, Silvia.

SONG.

I.

As Amoret *and* Thyrſis lay
Melting the Hours, in gentle Play;
Joyning Faces, mingling Kiſſes,
And exchanging harmleſs Bliſſes:
He trembling cry'd, with eager haſte
O let me feed as well as taſte,
I die, if I'm not wholly bleſt.

II.

The fearful Nymph reply'd--Forbear;
I cannot, dare not, muſt not hear:
Deareſt *Thyrſis*, do not move me,
Do not--do not--if you love me.
O let me--ſtill the Shepherd ſaid;
But while ſhe fond Reſiſtance made,
The haſty Joy in ſtruggling fled.

III.

Vex'd at the Pleaſure ſhe had miſs'd,
She frown'd and bluſh'd, then ſigh'd and kiſs'd,
And ſeem'd to moan, in ſullen Cooing,
The ſad miſcarriage of their Wooing:
But vain alas! were all her Charms;
For Thyrſis *deaf to Loves allarms,*
Baffled and ſenſeleſs, tir'd her Arms.

After the Song, *A Dance of Antick's.*

Silv. Indeed it is very fine—I could look upon 'em all day.

Heart. Well, has this prevail'd for me, and will you look upon me?

Silv. If you could Sing and Dance ſo, I ſhould love to look upon you too.

Heart.

Heart. Why 'twas I Sung and Danc'd; I gave Muſick to the Voice, and Life to their Meaſures-- Look you here *Silvia*, here are Songs and Dances, Poetry and Muſick-- Hark! how ſweetly one Guinea rhymes to another--And how they dance to the Muſick of their own Chink. *Pulling out a Purſe and chinking it.* This buys all the 'tother-- And this thou ſhalt have; this, and all that I am worth for the purchaſe of thy Love-- Say, is it mine then, ha? Speak Syren-- Oons why do I look on her! Yet I muſt-- Speak dear Angel, Devil, Saint, Witch; do not rack me in ſuſpence.

Silv. Nay don't ſtare at me ſo-- You make me bluſh-- I cannot look.

Heart. Oh Manhood, where art thou! What am I come to? A Womans Toy; at theſe years! Death, a bearded Baby for a Girl to dandle. O dotage, dotage! That ever that noble paſſion, *Luſt*, ſhould ebb to this degree-- No reflux of vigorous Blood: But milky Love, ſupplies the empty Channels; and prompts me to the ſoftneſs of a Child-- A meer Infant and would ſuck. Can you love me *Silvia*? ſpeak.

Silv. I dare not ſpeak till I believe you, and indeed I'm afraid to believe you yet.

Heart. Pox, how her innocence torments and pleaſes me! Lying, Child, is indeed the Art of Love; and Men are generally Maſters in it: But i'me ſo newly entred, you cannot diſtruſt me of any skill in the treacherous Myſtery-- Now by my Soul, I cannot lie, though it were to ſerve a Friend or gain a Miſtreſs.

Silv. Muſt you lie then, if you ſay you Love me?

Heart. No, no, dear ignorance, thou beauteous Changeling — I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a Truth, a naked Truth, which I'm aſhamed to diſcover.

Silv. But Love, they ſay, is a tender thing, that will ſmooth Frowns, and make calm an angry Face; will ſoften a rugged Temper and make ill-humoured People good: You look ready to fright one, and talk as if your Paſſion were not Love, but Anger.

Heart. 'Tis both; for I am angry with my ſelf, when I am pleaſed with you-- And a pox upon me for loving thee ſo well-- yet I muſt on-- 'Tis a bearded Arrow, and will more eaſily be thruſt forward than drawn back.

Silvia. Indeed if I were well aſſur'd you lov'd; but how can I be well aſſur'd?

Heart. Take the ſymptoms--And ask all the Tyrants of thy Sex, if their fools are hot known by this party-coloured Livery--I am melancholly when thou art abſent; look like an Aſs when thou art preſent; wake for you when I ſhould ſleep, and even dream of you when I am awake; ſigh much, drink little, eat leſs, court ſolitude, am grown very entertaining to my ſelf, and (as I am informed) very troubleſome to every body elſe. If this be not love, it is madneſs, and then it is pardonable--Nay yet a more certain ſign than all this; I give thee my money.

Silv. Ay, but that is no ſign, for they ſay, Gentlemen will give money to any naughty woman to come to bed to them--O *Gemini*, I hope you don't mean ſo——For I won't be a Whore.

Heart. The more is the pitty. (*Aſide*

Silv. Nay, if you would marry me, you ſhould not come to bed to me—— You have ſuch a Beard, and would ſo prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

Heart. That a Fool ſhould ask ſuch a malicious Queſtion! Death! I ſhall be drawn in, before I know where I am—— However, I find I am pretty ſure of her conſent, if I am put to it. (*Aſide* Marry you? no, no, I'll love you.

Silv. Nay, but if you love me, you muſt marry me; what don't I know my Father lov'd my Mother, and was married to her?

Heart. Ay, ay, in old days people married where they lov'd; but that faſhion is chang'd, Child.

Silv. Never tell me that, I know it is not chang'd by my ſelf; for I love you, and would Marry you.

Heart. I'll have my Beard ſhav'd, it ſhan't hurt thee, and we'll go to bed--

Silv. No, no, I'm not ſuch a Fool neither, but *I* can keep my ſelf--honeſt--Here, *I* won't keep any thing that's yours, *I* hate you now, (*Throws the Purſe.*) and *I'll* never ſee you again, cauſe you'd have me naught. (*Going*

Heart. Damn her, let her go, and a good riddance--Yet ſo much Tenderneſs and Beauty--and Honeſty together is a Jewel--Stay *Silvia*—But then to marry——Why every man plays the Fool once in his life: But to Marry, is playing the Fool all ones Life long.

Silv.

Silv. What did you call me for?

Heart. I'll give thee all I have: And thou ſhalt live with me in every thing, ſo like my Wife, the world ſhall believe it: Nay, thou ſhalt think ſo thy ſelf--Only let me not think ſo.

Silv. No, I'll dye before I'll be your whore--as well as I love you.

Heart. Aſide.] A woman, and ignorant, may be honeſt, when 'tis out of obſtinacy and contradiction——But S'death, it is but a may be, and upon ſcurvy terms——Well, farewell then——if I can get out of her ſight, I may get the better of my ſelf.

Silv. Well--good buy. (*Turns and Weeps.*

Heart. Ha! Nay come, we'll kiſs at parting (*kiſſes her*) by Heaven ſhe kiſſes ſweeter than liberty--I will marry thee--There thou haſt don't, all my Reſolve melted in that Kiſs--one more.

Silv. But when?

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done; I will not give my ſelf liberty to think, leſt I ſhould cool--I will about a Licence ſtreight--in the evening expect me--One kiſs more to confirm me mad; ſo (*Ex.*

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, an old Fox trapt--

Enter Lucy.

Bleſs me! you frighted me, I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, I met your Lover in as much haſte, as if he had been going for a Midwife.

Silv. He's going for a Parſon, Girl, the forerunner of a Midwife, ſome nine months hence--Well, I find diſſembling, to our Sex, is as natural as ſwimming to a *Negro*; we may depend upon our skill to ſave us at a plunge, tho till then we never make the experiment--But how haſt thou ſucceeded?

Lucy. As you would wiſh--Since there is no reclaiming *Vainlove*, I have found out a picque ſhe has taken at him; and have fram'd a Letter, that makes her ſue for Reconciliation firſt. I know that will do--walk in, and I'll ſhew it you. Come Madam, you'r like to have a happy time on't, both your love and anger ſatisfied!--All that can charm our Sex, conſpire to pleaſe you.

That Woman ſure enjoys a bleſſed night,
Whom Love and Vengeance do at once delight. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour *in Fanatick habit*, Setter.

Bell. 'Tis pretty near the hour—— (*Looking on his Watch.* Well and how *Setter*, hæ, does my Hypocrisy fit me hæ? Does it sit easy on me?

Setter. O most religiously well Sir.

Bell. I wonder why all our young Fellows should glory in an opinion of Atheism; when they may be so much more conveniently lew'd, under the Coverlet of Religion.

Setter. S'bud Sir away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* just turn'd the Corner, and is coming this way.

Bell. Gads so there he is, he must not see me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fondlewife *and* Barnaby.

Fond. I say I will tarry at home. *Bar.* But Sir.

Fond. Good lack! I profess the Spirit of Contradiction hath possess'd the Lad—— I say I will tarry at home——— *Valet.*

Bar. I have done Sir, then farewell 500 Pound.

Fond. Ha, how's that, Stay Ray, did you leave word say you with his Wife, With *Comfort* her self.

Bar. I did, and *Comfort* will send *Tribulation* hither as soon as ever he comes home——— I could have brought young Mr. *Prig*, to have kept my Mistress Company in the mean time: but you say———

Fond. How now, say *Varlet*! I say let him not come near my Doors. I say, he is a wanton young *Levite* and pampereth himself up with Dainties, that he may look lovely in the Eyes of Women—— Sincerely I am afraid, he hath already defiled the Tabernacle of our Sister *Comfort*; while her good Husband is deluded by his Godly appearance——— I say, that even Lust doth sparkle in his Eyes, and glow upon his Cheeks, and that I would as soon trust my Wife, with a Lords high-fed Chaplain.

Bar. Sir, the hour draws nigh——And nothing will be done there till you come.

Fond. And nothing can be done here till I go——So that I'le tarry, d'ee see.

Bar. And run the hazard to lose your affair so!

Fond. Good lack, good lack——I profess it is a very sufficient vexation, for a Man to have a handsome Wife.

Bar. Never Sir, but when the Man is an insufficient Husband. 'Tis then indeed, like the vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be forced to let Lodgings, to help pay the Rent.

Fond. I profess a very apt Comparison, *Varlet*. Go in and bid my Cocky come out to me, I will give her some instructions, I will reason with her before I go. (*Exit Barnaby.*) And in the mean time, I will reason with my self——Tell me *Isaac*, why art th' jealous? Why art thee distrustful of the Wife of thy Bosom;——Because she is young and vigorous, and I old and impotent—Then why didst thee marry *Isaac*——Because she was beautiful and tempting, and because I was obstinate and doating: so that my inclination was (and is still) greater than my power——And will not that which tempted thee, also tempt others, who will tempt her *Isaac*——I fear it much——Bandors not thy Wife love thee, nay doat upon thee——Yes——Why then!——Ay, but to say truth, She's fonder of me, than she has reason to be; and in the way of Trade, we still suspect the smoothest Dealers of the deepest design-

design——And that she has some designs deeper than thou can reach, th'hast experimented *Isaac*——But Mum.

Enter Letitia.

Let. I hope my dearest Jewel is not going to leave me——Are you *Nykin?*

Fond. Wife——Have you throughly consider'd how detestable, how hainous, and how Crying a sin, the sin of Adultery is; have you weigh'd it I say, For it is a very weighty sin; and although it may lie heavy upon thee, yet thy Husband must also bear his part: For thy iniquity will fall upon his Head.

Let. Bless me, what means my Dear!

Fond, (*Aside*) *I* profess she has an alluring Eye; *I* am doubtfull, whether *I* shall trust her, even with *Tribulation* himself——Speak *I* say, have you consider'd, what it is to Cuckold your Husband.

Let, (*Aside*) I'me amaz'd sure he has discover'd nothing——Who has wrong'd me to my dearest; *I* hope my Jewel does not think, that ever *I* had any such thing in my Head, or ever will have.

Fond, No, no, *I* tell you *I* shall have it my head——You will have it some where else.

Let, (*Aside*) *I* know not what to think. But i'me resolv'd to find the meaning of it——Unkind Dear! Was it for this, you sent to call me? is it not affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you must study to encrease it by unjust suspicions (*Crying*) Well---well---You know my Fondness, and you love to Tyrannize——Go on cruel Man, do, Triumph over my poor heart, while it holds; which cannot be long, with this usage of yours——But that's what you want——Well——You will have your ends soon——You will——Yes it will break to oblige you, *Sighs.*

Fond, Verily I fear *I* have carry'd the Jest, too far——Nay look you now if she does not weep——'Tis the fondest Fool——Nay Cocky, Cocky, nay dear Cocky, don't cry, *I* was but in Jest, *I* was not in sick.

Let. (*Aside*) Oh then all's safe. *I* was terrible frighted——My affliction is always your jest, barbarous Man! Oh that *I* should love to this degree! yet——

Fond, Nay Cocky.

Let, Fo, no, you are weary of me, that's it——That's all, you would get another Wife——Another fond Fool, to break her heart——Well, be as cruel as you can to me, *I*'le pray for you; and when *I* am dead with grief, may you have one that will love you as well as *I* have done: *I* shall be contented to lie at peace in my cold Grave——Since it will please you. (*Sighs*

Fond, Good lack, good lack, she would melt a heart of Oak——*I* profess *I* can hold no longer——Nay dear Cocky——*I*sck you'l break my heart——isck you will——See you have made we weep——made poor *Nykin* weep——Nay come Kiss, buss poor *Nykin*——And *I* wont leave thee——i'le lose all first.

Let. (*Aside*) How! Heav'n forbid! that will be carrying the jest too far indeed.

Fond, Wont you Kiss *Nykin?* *Let.* Go naughty *Nykin*, you don't love me.

Fond, Kiss, kiss, isck I do. *Let.* No you don't. (*She Kisses him.*

Fond, What not love Cocky! *Let.* No——h (*Sighs.*

Fond, I profess *I* do love thee better, then 500 Pound——And so thou shalt say, for *I*'le leave it to stay with thee.

Let. No you shan't neglect your business for me——No indeed you sant *Nykin*——if you don't go, *I*'le think you have been dealous of me still.

Fond, He, he, he, wilt thou poor fool; Then *I* will go, *I* wont be dealous——Poor Cocky, Kiss *Nykin*, Kiss *Nyken*, ee, ee, ee——Here will be the good Man anon, to talk to Cocky, and teach her how a Wife ought to behave her self.

Let. (*Aside*) *I* hope to have one that will shew me how a Husband ought to behave himself——*I* shall be glad to learn, to please my Jewel (*Kiss.*

Fond, That's my good Dear——Come Kiss *Nyken* once more and then get you in——So——Get you in, get you in, By, by.

Let. By *Nykin.*

Fond.

Fond. By Cocky. *Let.* By Nykin. *She goes in,*
Fond. By Cocky, by, by. *Exit.*

Enter Vainlove, Sharper.

Sharp. How! *Araminta* loſt!
Vain. To confirm what I have ſaid read this *Gives a Letter.*
Sharp. Reads) *Hum hum——And what then appear'd a fault, upon reflection, ſeems only an effect of a too powerful paſſion. I'me afraid I give too great a Proof of my own at this time—I am in diſorder for what I have written. But ſomething, I know not what, forceed me. I only beg a favourable Cenſure of this and your* (Araminta.
Sharp. Loſt! Pray Heaven thou haſt not loſt thy Wits. Here, here, ſhe's thy own Man, ſign'd and ſeal'd too——To her Man——A delicious Mellon pure and conſenting ripe, and only waits thy Cutting up——She has been breeding Love to thee all this while, and juſt now ſhe is deliver'd of it.
Vain. 'Tis an untimely Fruit, and ſhe has miſcarried of her Love.
Sharp. Never leave this damn'd ill natur'd whimſey *Frank?* Thou haſt a ſickly peeviſh Appetite; only chew Love and cannot digeſt it.
Vain. Yes, when I feed my ſelf——But I hate to be cram'd——By Heav'n there's not a Woman, will give a Man the pleaſure of a chaſe: My ſport is always baulkt or cut ſhort——I ſtumble o're the Game I would purſue——'Tis dull and unnatural to have a Hare run full in the Hounds Mouth; and would diſtaſte the keeneſt Hunter——I would have overtaken, not have met my Game.
Sharp. However I hope you don't mean to forſake it, that will be but a kind of a Mungril Curs trick. Well, are you for the Mall?
Vain. No, ſhe will be there this evening——Yes I will go too——And ſhe ſhall ſee her error in——
Sharp. In her choice 'gad——But thou canſt not be ſo great a Brute as to ſlight her.
Vain. I ſhould diſappoint her if I did not——By her management I ſhould think ſhe expects it.

All Naturally fly what does purſue;
'Tis fit Men ſhould be coy, when Women woo. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber in* Fondle-wife's *Houſe.*

A Servant introducing Bellmour *in Fanatick Habit, with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.*

Serv. Here's a Chair, Sir, if you pleaſe to repoſe your ſelf, I'le call my Miſtreſs. *Ex.* Ser
Bell. Secure in my Diſguiſe, I have out-fac'd Suſpicion, and even dar'd diſcovery——This Cloak my Sanctity, and truſty *Scarron's* Novels my Prayer-Book——Methinks I'me the very Picture of *Montufar* in the *Hypocrites*——Oh; ſhe comes.

Enter Lætitia.

So breaks Aurora *through the Veil of Night,* } *Throwing off his*
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light. } *Cloak, Patch,* &c.
And ev'ry Eye receives a new born Sight. }

Let. Thus ſtrew'd with Bluſhes, like——Ah! Heav'n defend me! Who's this
(*Diſcovering him, ſtarts.*
Bell. Your Lover.
Let. Vainlove's Friend! I know his Face, and he has betrayed me to him. (*Aſide.*
Bell. You are ſurpriſed. Did you not expect a Lover, Madam; Thoſe Eyes ſhone kindly on my firſt Appearance, tho' now they are o're caſt.
Let, I may well be ſurpriz'd at your Perſon and impudence; they are both new to me——You are not what your firſt Appearance promiſed: The Piety of your Habit was welcome,

but

but not the Hypocriſy.

Bell. Rather the Hypocriſie was welcome, but not the Hypocrite. *Aſide.*

Let. Who are you Sir? You have miſtaken the Houſe ſure.

Bell. I have Directions in my Pocket, which agree with every thing but your unkindneſs. *Pulls out the Letter.*

Let. My Letter! Baſe *Vainlove*! Then 'tis too late to diſſemble. *Aſide.*
'Tis plain then you have miſtaken the Perſon. *(Going.*

Bell. If we part ſo i'me miſtaken——— Hold, hold, Madam;——I confeſs I have run into an Errour——I beg your Pardon a thouſand times——What an Eternal Block-head am I! Can you forgive me the Diſorder I have put you into——But it is a Miſtake which any body might have made.

Let. What can this mean! 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould be miſtaken after all this——A handſom Fellow if he had not ſurpriz'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again, I would not have him miſtaken (*Aſide*) We are all liable to miſtakes, Sir, if you own it to be ſo, there needs no farther Apology.

Bell. Nay, Faith, Madam, 'tis a pleaſant one; and worth your hearing. Expecting a Friend, laſt Night, at his Lodgings, till 'twas late; my intimacy with him gave me the freedom of his Bed: He not coming home all Night, a Letter was deliver'd to me by a Servant, in the Morning: Upon the perusal I found the Contents ſo charming, that I cou'd think of nothing all Day but putting 'em in practice——'till juſt now, (the firſt time I ever look'd upon the Superſcription) I am the moſt ſurpriz'd in the World to find it directed to Mr. *Vainlove*. Gad, Madam, I ask'd you a Million of Pardons, and will make you any Satisfaction.

Let. I am diſcoverd——And either *Vainlove* is not guilty, or he has handſomly excuſed him. *(Aſide.*

Bell. You appear concern'd, Madam.

Let. I hope you are a Gentleman;——and ſince you are privy to a weak Woman's Failing, won't turn it to the prejudice of her Reputation——You look as if you had more Honour.——

Bell. And more Love; or my Face is a falſe Witneſs, and deſerves to be pillory'd——No, By Heaven, I ſwear——

Let. Nay, don't ſwear if you'd have me believe you; but promiſe.——

Let. Well, I promiſe——A Promiſe is ſo cold——Give me leave to ſwear——by thoſe Eyes, thoſe killing Eyes; by thoſe healing Lips,——
Oh! preſs the ſoft Charm cloſe to mine——and ſeal 'em up for ever.

Let. Upon that Condition. *(He kiſſes her.*

Bell. Eternity was in that moment——One more, upon any Condition.

Let. Nay, now——I never ſaw any thing ſo agreeably impudent. (*aſide*) Won't you cenſure me for this, now——but 'tis to buy your Silence. (*kiſs*) Oh, but what am I doing!

Bell. Doing! No Tongue can expreſs it——not thy own; nor any thing, but thy lips. I am faint with the Exceſs of Bliſs——Oh, for love-ſake, lead me any whither, where I may lie down——quickly for i'me afraid I ſhall have a Fit.

Let. Bleſs me! What Fit? *Bell.* Oh, a Convulſion——I feel the Symptoms.

Let. Does it hold you long? i'me afraid to carry you into my Chamber.

Bell. Oh, No; Let me lie down upon the Bed——the Fit will be ſoon over. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to St.* James's-Park.

Araminta *and* Belinda *meeting.*

Belin. Lard, my Dear! I am glad I have met you——I have been at the *Exchange* ſince, and am ſo tir'd——

Aram. Why, What's the matter *Belin.*

Belin. Oh the moſt inhumane, barbarous Hackney-Coach! *I* am jolted to a Jelly. Am *I* not horridly touz'd. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glaſs.*

Aram. Your Head's a little out of Order.

Belin. A little! O frightful! What a furious Fiz I have! O moſt rueful! Ha, ha, ha: O Gad, I hope no body will come this Way, till I put my ſelf a little in Repair——Ah! my Dear——I have ſeen ſuch unknown Creatures ſince,——Ha, ha, ha, I can't for my Soul help thinking that I look juſt like one of 'em——Good Dear, pin this, and I'le tell you——Very well——So, thank you my Dear——But as I was telling you——Piſh, this is the untoward'ſt Lock——So, as I was telling you——How d'ye like me now; Hideous, ha; Frightful ſtill; Or how.

Aram. No, no; you're very well as can be.

Belin. And ſo——But where did I leave off, my Dear; *I* was telling you——

Aram, You were about to tell me ſomething, Child,——but you left off before you began.

Belin. Oh; a moſt Comical Sight: A Country-Squire, with the Equipage of a Wife and two Daughters, came to Mrs. *Snipwell*'s Shop while *I* was there——But, Oh Gad! Two ſuch unlick'd Cubs!——

Aram. *I* warrant, plump, Cherry-cheek Country-Girls.

Belin. Ay, O my Conſcience, fat as Barn-door-Fowl: But ſo bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland*-Hens, with their Feathers growing the wrong way——O ſuch Out-landiſh Creatures! Such *Tramontana*, and Foreigners to the Faſhion, or any thing in practice! *I* had not patience to behold——*I* undertook the modelling of one of their Fronts, the more modern Structure——

Aram. Bleſs me, Couſin! Why wou'd you affront any body ſo; They might be Gentlewomen of a very good Family.——

Belin. Of a very antient one, *I* dare ſwear, by their Dreſs——Affront; Pſhaw, how you're miſtaken! The poor Creature, *I* warrant, was as full of Courteſies, as if *I* had been her Godmother: The truth on't is, *I* did endeavour to make her look like a Chriſtian——and ſhe was ſenſible of it; for ſhe thank'd me, and gave me two Apples, piping hot, out of her Under-Petticoat,——Ha, ha, ha: And t'other did ſo ſtare and gape,——I fanſied her like the Front of her Father's Hall; her eyes were the two Jut-Windows, and her Mouth the great Door, moſt hoſpitably kept open, for the Entertaining of travelling Flies.

Aram, So then, you have been diverted. What did they buy;

Belin. Why, the Father bought a Powder-Horn, and an Almanack, and a Comb-Caſe; the Mother, a great Fruz-Tower, and a Fat-Amber-Necklace; the Daughters only tore two pair of Kid-Gloves, with trying 'em on.——Oh Gad, here comes the Fool that din'd at my Lady *Free-Love*'s t'other Day.

Enter Sir Joſeph *and* Bluffe.

Aram. May be he may not know us again.

Belin. We'le put on our Masks to ſecure his Ignorance. (*They put on their Masks.*

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, gad, i'le pick up; i'm reſolv'd to make a Night on't.——i'le go to Alderman *Fondlewife* by-and-by, and get 50 Pieces more from him. Adſlidikins, *Bully*, we'le wallow in Wine and Women. Why, this ſame *Madera*-Wine has made me as light as a Graſhopper——Hiſt, hiſt, *Bully*, doſt thou ſee thoſe Tearers; (*Sings*) *Look you what here is,——Look you what here is:*——*Toll—loll—dera——toll——loll*——A Gad, t'other Glaſs of *Madera*; and I durſt have attack'd 'em in my own proper Perſon, without your help.

Bluffe. Come on then, Knight——but d'ye know what to ſay to 'em.

Sir *Joſ.* Say: Pooh, Pox, i've enough to ſay——never fear it;——that is, if I can but think on't: Truth is, I have but a treacherous Memory.

Belin. O frightful! Couſin, What ſhall we do? Theſe things come toward us.

Aram. No matter——I ſee *Vainlove* coming this way——and, to confeſs my failing, I am willing to give him an Opportunity of making his Peace with me——and to rid

me

me of these Coxcombs, when *I* seem oppress'd with 'em, will be a fair one.

Bluff. Ladies, by these Hilts you are well met. *Aram.* We are afraid not.

Bluff. VVhat says my pretty little Knapsack-Carrier, (*To* Belinda

Belin. O monstrous filthy Fellow! Good slovenly Captain *Huff*, *Bluff*. (VVhat's your hideous name,) be gone: You stink of Brandy and Tobacco, most souldier-like. Foh. (*Spits*

Sir *Jos.* Now am I flap-dash down in the mouth, and have not one word to say. (*Aside.*

Aram. I hope my Fool has not confidence enough to be troublesome. (*Aside*

Sir Jo. Hem! Pray Madam; which way's the wind,

Aram. A pithy Question——Have you sent your wits for a venture, Sir, that you enquire,

Sir Jo. Nay, now I'm in——I can prattle like a Magpye. (*Aside.*

Enter Sharper *and* Vainlove, *at a Distance.*

Belin. Dear *Aramint*, I'm tir'd.

Aram. 'Tis but pulling off our Masques, and obliging *Vainlove* to know us. I'll be rid of my Fool by fair means——well, Sir *Joseph*, you shall see my Face.——But, be gone immediately.——I see but that will be jealous, to find me in discourse with you.——Be discreet.——No reply; but away. (*unmasques.*

Sir *Jo.* The great Fortune that dined at my Lady *Free-loves*! Sir *Joseph*, thou art a madman. Agad, I'm in Love up to the Ears. But I'll be discreet, and hush. (*Aside,*

Bluff. Nay, by the world, I'll see your face.

Belin. You shall. [*unmasques.*

Sharp. Ladies, your humble servant——We were afraid you would not have given us leave to know you.

Aram. We thought to have been private,——But we find Fools have the same advantage over a face in a masque; that a Coward has, while the sword is in the scabbard.——So we're forced to draw in our own defence.

Bluff. My Blood rises at that fellow: I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the Park. (*To Sir* Jos.

Sir *Jos.* I wish I durst stay to let her know my Lodging.—— (*Exeunt Sir* Jos. *and* Bluffe,

Sharp. There is in true Beauty, as in Courage, somewhat, which narrow souls cannot dare to admire.——And see, the Owls are fled, as at the break of Day.

Belin. Very Courtly.——I believe Mr, *Vainlove* has not rubb'd his eyes since break of day neither, he looks as if he durst not approach.——Nay, come Cousin, be friends with him.——I swear, he looks so very simply, ha, ha, ha,——Well, a Lover in the state of separation from his Mistress, is like a Body without a Soul. Mr, *Vainlove*, shall I be bound for your good behaviour for the future.

Vain. Now must *I* pretend ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as *I*. (*Aside.*) Men are apt to offend, ('tis true) where they find most goodness to forgive.—— But, Madam, *I* hope *I* shall prove of a temper, not to abuse mercy, by committing new Offences.

Aram. So cold! (*Aside.*

Belin. *I* have broke the ice for you, *Mr. Vainlove*, and so *I* leave you. Come, *Mr. Sharper*, you and *I* will take a turn, and laugh at the Vulgar.——Both the great vulgar and the small,——O Gad! *I* have a great passion for *Comley*,——Don't you admire him?

Sharp. Oh *Madam*! He was our English *Horace*.

Belin. Ah so fine! So extremely fine! So every thing in the world that *I* like.—— Oh Lord, walk this way.——*I* see a couple; *I'll* give you their History. (*Ex.* Bell. & Sharp.

Vain. *I* find, *Madam*, the formality of the Law must be observ'd, tho the Penalty of it be dispenc'd with: and an Offender must Plead to his Arraignment, tho he have his Pardon in his pocket.

Aram. I'm amaz'd! This insolence exceeds t'other; ——— whoever has encourag'd you to this assurance ——— presuming upon the easiness of my temper, has much deceiv'd you, and so you shall find.

Vain. Hey day! which way now: Here's fine doubling [*Aside.*

Aram. Base man! Was it not enough to affront me with your sawcy passion,

Vain. You have given that passion a much kinder Epithet, than sawcy, in another place.

Aram. Another place! Some villanous design to blast my Honour ——— But tho thou hadst all the treachery and malice of thy Sex, thou canst not lay a blemish on my Fame. No, *I* have not err'd in one favourable thought of mankind ——— How time might have deceiv'd me in you, *I* know not; my opinion was but young, and your early baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong Belief, ——— Unworthy and ungrateful! be gone, and never see me more,

Vain. Did I dream! Or do I dream; Shall I believe my eyes, or ears: The vision is here still. ——— Your passion, Madam, will admit of no farther reasoning, ——— But here is a silent witness of your acquaintance ———

[*Takes out the Letter, and offers it: She snatches it, and throws it away.*]

Aram. There's poyson in every thing you touch. ——— Blisters will follow ———

Vain. That Tongue, which denies what the Hands have done.

Aram. Still mystically, senceless and impudent ——— *I* find I must leave the place.

Vain. No Madam, I'm gone. ——— She knows her Name's to it, which she will be unwilling to expose to the censure of the first finder. [*Exit.*

Aram. Woman's obstinacy made me blind to what woman's curiosity now tempts me to see. [*Takes up the Letter, and* Exit.

Enter Belinda, Sharper.

Belin. Nay, we have spared no-body, I swear. Mr. *Sharper*, you'r a pure man; where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing.

Sharp. Faith, Madam, the Talent was born with me: ——— I confess, I have taken care to improve it; to qualify me for the society of Ladies,

Belin. Nay, sure Railing is the best qualification in a woman's man.

Sharp. The second best, ——— indeed I think. [*Enter Footman.*

Belin. How now, *Pace*, where's my Cousin.

Foot. She's not very well, Madam, and has sent to know, if your Ladiship would have the Coach come again for you,

Belin. O Lord, No, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Sharper.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber in* Fondlewife's *House.*

Enter Lætitia *and* Bellmour, *his Cloak, Hat, &c. lying loose about the Chamber.*

Bell. Here's no body, nor no noise; ——— 'twas nothing but your fears.

Let. I durst have sworn, I had heard my Monster's voice. ——— I swear, I was heartily frightned. ——— Feel how my heart beats.

Bell. 'Tis an alarm to Love. ——— Come in again, and let us ———

Fondl, without. Cocky, Cocky, where are you, Cocky? I'm come home.

Let. Ah! There he is. Make haste, gather up your things.

Fondl. Cocky, Cocky, open the door,

Bell. Pox choak him, would his Horns were in his Throat. My Patch, my Patch.

[*Looking about and gathering up his things.*

Let. My Jewel, Art thou there: No matter for your Patch ——— You s'ant tum in, Nykin ———

Run

Run into my Chamber, quickly, quickly, You shant tum in. (Bell, goes in

Fondl, Nay, prithee, Dear, ifeck i'm in hast,

Let, Then, i'le let you in (*Opens the Door*

Enter Fondle-wife, *and Sir* Joseph.

Fond. Kiss Dear——I met the Master of the Ship by the way——and I must have my Papers of Accounts out of your Cabinet.

Let, Oh, i'me undone! (*Aside*

Sir *Jos*. Pray, first let me have 50 Pounds, good Alderman, for i'm in haste.

Fondl, A Hundred has already been paid, by your Order. Fifty? I have the Summ ready in Gold, in my Closet, (*Goes into his Closet.*

Sir *Jos*, Agad, it's a curious, fine, pretty Rogue; i'le speak to her——Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear?

Let, Sir, *I* seldom stir abroad, (*Walks about in disorder.*

Sir *Jos*. *I* wonder at that, for 'tis most curious fine Weather.

Let, Methinks, 't has been very ill weather.

Sir *Jos*, As you say, Madam, 'tis pretty bad Weather, and has been so a great while.

Enter Fondle-wife.

Fond. Here are fifty pieces in this purse, Sir *Joseph*——If you will tarry a Moment, till I fetch my papers, i'le wait upon you down stairs.

Let, Ruin'd, past Redemption! What shall I do——Ha! This fool may be of use. (*Aside*) Stand off, rude Ruffian. Help me, my Dear,——O bless me! Why will you leave me alone with such a Satyr? (*As* Fondl. *is going into the Chamber, she runs to Sir* Jos. *almost pushes him down, and Cries out.*

Fond, Bless us! What's the matter? What's the matter?

Let, Your back was no sooner turn'd, but like a Lion, he came open mouth'd upon me, and would have ravished a kiss from me by main force.

Sir *Jos*, O Lord! Oh terrible! Ha, ha, ha, is your Wife mad, Alderman?

Let, Oh! I am sick with the fright; won't you take him out of my sight.

Fond, Oh Traytor! i'me astonished. Oh bloody-minded Traytor.

Sir *Jos*. Hey-day! Traytor your self——By the Lord-*Harry*, I was in most danger of being ravish'd, if you go to that.

Fond, Oh, how the blasphemous Wretch swears! Out of my house, thou Son of the Whore of *Babylon*; Off-spring of *Bell* and the *Dragon*——Bless us! Ravish my Wife! My *Dinah*! Oh *Schechemite*! Begone, I say.

Sir *Jos*. Why, the Devil's in the people, I think. (*Exit*

Let, Oh! Won't you follow, and see him out of Doors, my Dear.

Fond, I'le shut this door, to secure him from coming back——Give me the Key of your Cabinet, Cocky——Ravish my Wife before my face! I warrant he's a Papist in his heart, at least, if not a *French* Man.

Let, What can I do now! (*Aside*) Oh, my dear, I have been in such a fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. *Spin-text*, has a sad Fit of the Chollick, and is forced to lie down upon our bed——You'l disturb him; I can tread softlier.

Fond, Alack, poor Man——No, no——you don't know the Papers——I won't disturb him; Give me the Key. (*She gives him the Key, goes to the Chamber-door, and speaks aloud*

Let. 'Tis no body but Mr. *Fondlewife*, Mr. *Spintext*, lie still on your Stomach; lying on your Stomach, will ease you of the Cholick.

Fond, Ay, ay, lie still, lie still, don't let me disturb you. (*Goes in*

Let. Sure, when he does not see his face, he won't discover him. Dear Fortune, help me but this once, and i'le never run in thy debt again——But this Opportunity is the Devil.

Fondle-

Fondle-wife *returns with Papers.*

Fond. Good Luck! Good Luck! ——— I profeſs, the Man is in great torment, he lies as flat ——— Dear, you ſhould heat a Trencher, or a Napkin ——— Where's *Deborah*? Let her chip a warm thing to his Stomach, or chafe it with a warm-hand, rather then fail. What Book's this? [*Sees the Book that* Bellmour *forgot.*

Let. Mr, *Spintext*'s Prayer-Book, Dear —— Pray Heaven it be a Prayer Book. *Aſide*

Fond. Good Man! I warrant he dropp'd it on purpoſe, that you might take it up, and read ſome of the pious Ejaculations. [*Taking up the Book.*] O bleſs me! O monſtrous! A Prayer-Book? Ay, this is the Devil's *Pater-noſter.* Hold, let me ſee; *The Innocents Adulteryl*

Let. Misfortune! Now all's ruin'd again. [*Aſide*

Bell. (*Peeping*) Damn'd Chance! If I had gone a Whoring with the *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been diſcover'd.

Fond. Adultery, and innocent! O Lord! Here's Doctrine! Ay, here's Diſcipline.

Let. Dear Husband, i'm amaz'd ——— Sure it's a good Book, and only tends to the Speculation of ſin.

Fond. Speculation! No, no; ſomething went farther than Speculation when I was not to be let in ——— Where is this Apocryphal Elder; i'll ferret him,

Let. I'me ſo diſtracted, I can't think of a lye, *Aſide*

Fondle-wife *halling out* Bellmour.

Fond. Come out here, thou *Ananias* incarnate —— Who how now, who have we here?

Let. Ha! [*Shrieks, as ſurpriz'd*

Fond. Oh, thou ſalacious Woman! Am I then brutified? Ay, I feel it here; I prout, I bud, I bloſſom, I am ripe-horn-mad. But who, in the Devil's name, are you? Mercy on me for ſwearing, But ———

Let. Oh, Goodneſs keep us! Who's this; Who are you, What are you. *Bell.* Soh.

Let. In the Name of the —— Oh, good my Dear, don't come near it, i'm afraid 'tis the vil; indeed it has hooſs, Dear.

Fond. Indeed, and I have Horns, Dear, The Devil, no, i'm afraid, 'tis the Fleſh, thou Harlot. Dear, with the Pox. Come *Syren*, ſpeak, confeſs, who is the this reverend, brawny Paſtor.

Let. Indeed, and indeed now my dear *Nyken*—I never ſaw this wicked Man before.

Fondl. Oh, it is a Man then, it ſeems.

Let. Rather, ſure it is a Wolf in the cloathing of a Sheep.

Fond. Thou art a Devil in his proper Cloathing, Womans-fleſh. What; you know nothing of him, but his Fleece here!—You don't love Mutton —— you *Magdalen* unconverted.

Bell. Well, now I know my Cue —— That is very honourably, to excuſe her, and very impudently accuſe my ſelf. *Aſide.*

Let. Why then, I wiſh I may never enter into the Heaven of your Embraces again, my Dear, if ever I ſaw his face before.

Fondl. O Lord! O ſtrange! I am in admiration of your impudence. Look at him a little better, he is more modeſt, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were you two never face to face before. Speak.

Bell. Since all Artifice is vain ——— and I think my ſelf obliged to ſpeak the truth in juſtice to your Wife ——— No.

Fond. Humph.

Let. No, indeed Dear.

Fondl. Nay, I find you are both in a Story; that, I muſt confeſs. But, what —— not to-

to be cured of the Cholick? Don't you know your Patient, Mrs. *Quack*; Oh, lie upon your Stomach; lying upon your Stomach will cure you of the Cholick. Ah! I wish he has lain upon no bodies stomach but his own, Answer me that, *Jezebel*.

Let, Let the wicked Man answer for himself, does he think that I have nothing to do but excuse him, 'tis enough; if I can clear my own innocence to my own Deare.

Bell, By my troth and so 'tis ——— I have been a little too backward, that's the truth on't. *Aside*

Fond, Come, Sir, Who are you, in the first place; and what are you.

Bell, A Whore-master,

Fond, Very Concise.

Let, O beastly, impudent Creature,

Fond, Well Sir, and what came you hither for;

Bell, To lie with your Wife.

Fond. Good again ——— A very civil Person this, and, I believe speaks truth.

Let, Oh, insupportable impudence!

Fond, Well, Sir, —— Pray be covered ——— and you have ——— Heh! You have finished the matter, Heh; And I am, as I should be, a sort of a civil Perquisite to a Whore-Master, called *a Cuckold*, Heh. Is it not not so? Come, I'm inclining to believe every word you say.

Bell, Why, Faith *I* must confess, to *design'd* you ——— but you were a little unlucky in coming so soon, and hindred the making of your own Fortune.

Fond, Hump, Nay, if you mince the matter once, and go back of your word; you are not the Person *I* took you for. Come, come, go on boldly ——well! What, don't be asham'd of your Profession —— Confess, confess, *I* shall love thee the better for't ——— I shall, sfeck —— What, dost think *I* don't know how to behave my self in the Employment of a Cuckold, and have been three Years Apprentice to Matrimony? Come, come, plain dealing is a Jewel.

Bell, Well, since *I* see thou art a good honest Fellow, *I'll* confess the whole matter to thee.

Fond, Oh, i'm a very honest Fellow —— You never lay with an honester Man's Wife in your life,

Let, How my heart akes; All my comfort lies in his impudence, and Heaven be praised, he has a considerable portion. *(Aside*

Bell, *In* short then, *I* was informed of the opportunity of your absence, by my Spy (for Faith, honest *Isaac*, *I* have a long time designed thee this favour) *I* knew *Spin-text* was to come by your direction ——— But I laid a trap for him, and procured his Habit; in which I pass'd upon your Servants, and was conducted hither, I prerended a Fit of the Cholick, to excuse my lying down upon your Bed, hoping that when she heard of it, her hood Nature would bring her to administer Remedies for my Distemper ——— You know what might have follow'd ——— But like an uncivil Person, you knock'd at the Door, before your Wife was come to me:

Fond, Ha; This is Apocryphal; I may chuse whether I will believe it or no.

Bell, That you may, Faith, and I hope you won't believe a word on't ——— But I can't help telling the truth, for my life,

Fond, How, Would not you have me believe you, say you:

Bell, No, for then you must of consequence part with your VVife, and there will be some hopes of having her upon the publick, then the Encouragement of a seperate maintenance ———

Fond, No, no, for that matter ——— when she and I part, she'll carry her sep'rate-maintenance about her.

Let, Ay cruel Dear, how can you be so barbarous; You'l break my heart, if you talk of purting, *(Cries*

Fond, Ah, dissembling Vermin,

Bell, How canst thou be so cruel, *Isaac*! Thou hast the Heart of a Mountain-Tyger, by

the

the faith of a sincere Sinner, she's innocent for me. Go to him, Madam, fling your Ivory Arms about his stubborn Neck; bathe his relentless face in your salt trickling Tears. —— So, a few soft Words, and a Kiss; and the good man melts. See, how kind Nature works, and boils over in him.

She goes and hangs upon his neck and kisses him.
Bell. kisses her hand, behind Fondlewife's back.

Let. Indeed, my Dear, I was but just coming down stairs when you knock'd at the door; and the Maid told me, Mr. *Spintext* was ill of the Cholick, upon our bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel *Nykin*? Indeed, I'll dye, if you don't.

Fond. Ah! No, no, I cannot speak; my heart's so full—— I have been a tender Husband, a tender Yoke-fellow; you know *I* have—— But thou hast been a faithless *Dalilah*, and the *Philistines* have been upon thee. Heh! Art thou not vile and unclean. Heh? Speak. *[Weeping*

Let. No h. *(Sighing*

Fond. Oh, that I could believe thee!

Let. Oh, my heart will break! *(Seeming to faint*

Fond. Heh; How, No, stay, stay, I will believe thee, I will—— Pray, bend her forward, Sir.

Let. Oh! Oh! Where is my Dear.

Fond. Here, here, I do believe thee.—— I won't believe my own eyes.

Bell. For my part, I am so charm'd with the love of your Turtle to you, that I'll go and follicit Matrimony with all my might and main.

Fond. Well, well, Sir, as long as *I* believe it, 'tis well enough. No thanks to you, Sir, for her Vertues. —— But, I'll shew you the way out of my house, if you please. Come, my Dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, I feck.

Bell. See the great Blessing of an easy Faith; Opinion cannot err.
No, Husband, by his Wife, can be deceiv'd:
She still is Vertuous, if she's so believ'd.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour *in Fanatick habit, and* Setter.

Bell. *Setter*! Well encounter'd,

Setter, Joy of your Return, Sir. Have you made a good Voyage: Or have you brought your own Lading back:

Bell. No. *I* have brought nothing but Ballast back, —— made a delicious voyage, *Setter*; and might have rode at Anchor in the Port till this time, but the Enemy surpriz'd us. —— *I* won'd unrig.

Setter. *I* attend you, Sir.

Heartwell and Lucy *appear at* Sylvia's *Door.*

Bell. Ha! Is not that *Heartwell* at *Sylvia*'s door; be gone quickly, I'll follow you: —— *I* won'd not be known. (*Exit. Setter.*) Pox take 'em, they stand just in my way.

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done. *Lucy*

Lucy, That may be, without troubling your self to go again for your Brother's Chaplain. Don't you see that stalking Form of Godliness.

Heart. O Pox; He's a fanatick.

Lucy. An Executioner qualified to do your Business. He has been lawfully ordain'd.

Heart. I'le pay him well, if you'le break the Matter to him.

Lucy, I warrant you—Do you go and prepare your Bride, (*Ex*. Heartwell

Bell, Humph, Sits the Wind there?——What a lucky Rogue am I! Oh, what sport will be here, if I can persuade this Wench to Secresie!

Lucy. Sir: Reverend Sir. *Bell*. Madam. (*Discovers himself*.

Lucy, Now, Goodness have Mercy upon me! Mr. *Bellmour*! Is it you.

Bell. Even——What dost think.

Lucy, Think: That I should not believe my Eyes, and that you are not what you seem to be.

Bell, True: But to convince thee who I am, thou know'st my old Token. (*Kisses her*

Lucy, Nay, Mr. *Bellmour*; O Lord, I believe you are a Parson in good earnest, you kiss so devoutly.

Bell, Well, Your Business with me *Lucy*.

Lucy, I had none, but through mistake,

Bell, Which mistake you must go thorough with, *Lucy*——Come, I know the intrigue between *Heartwell* and your Mistress; and you mistook me for Tribulation-*Spin-text*, to marry 'em—— Ha; Are not Matters in this posture——Confess——Come, i'le be faithful, I will i'faith——What Disside in me, *Lucy*,

Lucy, Alas-a-day You and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you have ruin'd my poor Mistress: You have made a Gap in her Reputation, And can you blame her if she stop it up with a Husband.

Bell, Well, it is as I say, *Lucy*, Well, it is then; But you'le be secret,

Bell, Phuh, Secret, ay——And to be out of thy Debt, I'le trust thee with another Secret. Your *Mistress* must not marry *Heartwell*, *Lucy*,

Lucy, How! O Lord!——

Bell, Nay; don't be in passion, *Lucy*:——i'le provide a fitter Husband for her——Come, Here's Earnest of my good intentions for thee too: Let this mollifie——(*Gives her Money*,) Look you, *Heartwell* is my Friend; and tho' he be blind, *I* must not see him fall into the Snare, and unwittingly marry a Whore,

Lucy, Whore; I'de have you know, my Mistress scorns——

Bell, Nay, nay, Look you, *Lucy*; there are Whores of as good Quality——But to the purpose, if you will give me leave to acquaint you with it——Do you carry a the Mistake of me; I'le marry her——Nay, don't pause——if you do, I'le spoil all—— I have some private Reasons for what I do, which i'le tell you within——in the mean time I promise——and rely upon me——to help your Mistress to a Husband——Nay, and thee too, *Lucy*——Here's my Hand, *I* will; with a fresh Assurance.

(*Gives her more Money*,

Lucy, Ah, the Devil is not so cunning——You know my ease Nature——Well, for once i'le venture to serve you, but if you deceive me, the Curse of a blind, tender hearted woman light upon you.

Bell, That's as much as to say, The Devil take me——Well lead on. (*Exeunt*.

Enter Vain love, Sharper, *and* Setter.

Sharp. Just now, say you, gone in with *Lucy*.

Setter. I saw him, Sir, and stood at the Corner where you found me, and over-heard all they said: Mr. *Bellmour* is to marry her.——

Sharp. Ha, ha; 'twill be a pleasant Cheat——i'le plague *Heartwell* when I see him. Prithee, *Frank*, let's teaze him, make him fret till he foam at the Mouth, and disgorge his Matrimonial Oath with Interest——Come don't so muse.——

Setter. (To Sharper) Sir, A Word with you. (*Whispers him*,

Vain.

Vain. Sharper swears, she has forsworn the Letter——*I'm* sure he tells me truth; but *I* am not sure she told him truth: ——Yet she was unaffectedly concern'd, he says; and often blush'd with Anger and Surprize: ——And so *I* remember in the Park. She had reason, if *I* wrong'd her. ——*I* begin to doubt.

Sharp. Say'ſt thou ſo!

Setter. This Afternoon, Sir, about an Hour before my *Maſter* received the Letter.

Sharp. In my Conſcience, like enough.

Setter. Ay, *I* know her, *Sir*; At leaſt, *I'm* ſure *I* can ſift it out of her. *She's* the very Sluice to her Lady's *Secrets*, ——'Tis but ſetting her *Mill* a going, and *I* can drein her of 'em all.

Sharp. Here, *Frank*; your Blood-hound has made out the Fault, This Letter, that ſo ſticks in thy maw, is counterfeit; only a Trick of *Sylvia* in revenge; contriv'd by *Lucy*.

Vain. Ha! *It* has a Colour, ——But how do you know it, *Sirrah*?

Setter. I do ſuſpect as much; ——because why, *Sir*, ——*She* was pumping me about how your worſhip's Affairs ſtood towards Madam *Araminta*. As, when you had ſeen her laſt; when you were to ſee her next; And, where you were to be found at that time: And ſuch like.

Vain. And where did you tell her?

Setter. In the *Piazza*.

Vain. There I receiv'd the Letter. ——It muſt be ſo——And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before, Sot?

Setter. Sir, *I* was Pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

Sharp. You were well employ'd——I think there is no Objection to the Excuſe.

Vain. Pox o' my ſawcy Credulity.——If I have loſt her, I deſerve it. But if Confeſſion and Repentance be of force, I'll win her, or weary her into a Forgiveneſs. (*Exit.*

Sharp. Methinks I long to ſee *Bellmour* come forth.

Enter Bellmour.

Setter. Talk of the Devil——See where he comes.

Sharp. Hugging himſelf in his proſperous miſchief, ——No real Fanatick can look better pleas'd after a ſucceſsful Sermon of Sedition.

Bell. Sharper! Fortify thy Spleen; ſuch a Jeſt! ſpeak when thou art ready.

Sharp. Now, were I ill-natur'd, wou'd I utterly diſappoint thy mirth: Hear thee tell thy mighty jeſt, with as much Gravity as a Biſhop hears Venereal Cauſes in the *Spiritual* Court: Not ſo much as wrinkle my Face with one ſmile; but let thee look ſimply, and laugh by thy ſelf.

Bell. Pſhaw, No; *I* have a better opinion of thy Wit——Gad, *I* defy thee.

Sharp. Were it not loſs of Time, you ſhould make the Experiment. But honeſt *Setter*, here, over-heard you with *Lucy*, and has told me all.

Bell.) Nay, then *I* thank thee for not putting me out of Countenance. But, to tell you ſomething you don't know. ——*I* got an Opportunity (after *I* had marry'd 'em) of diſcovering the Cheat to *Sylvia*. She took it at firſt, as another woman would the like diſappointment; but my promiſe to make her amends quickly with another Husband, ſomewhat pacify'd her.

Sharp. But how the Devil did you think to acquit your ſelf of your promiſe; will you marry her your ſelf?

Bell. I have no ſuch intentions at preſent——Prithee, wit, thou think a little for me; *I* am ſure the ingenious Mr. *Setter* will aſſiſt——

Setter. O Lord, Sir!

Bell. I'll leave him with you, and go ſhift my Habit. *Exit.*

[*Enter*

Enter Sir Joſeph *and* Bluffe.

Sharp. Heh! Sure, Fortune has ſent this Fool hither on purpoſe. *Setter*, ſtand cloſe, ſeem not to obſerve 'em; and, Hark-ye. [*Whiſper.*

Bluffe. Fear him not——I am prepar'd for him now; and he ſhall find he might have safer rous'd a ſleeping Lion.

Sir *Joſ.* Huſh, huſh: Don't you ſee him?

Bluffe. Shew him to me. Where is he?

Sir *Joſ.* Nay, Don't ſpeak ſo loud——I don't jeſt, as I did a little while ago——Look yonder——A-gad, if he ſhould hear the Lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an Aſs, and his primitive Braying. Don't you remember the Story in *Æſop's Fables, Bully?* A-gad there are good Morals to be pick'd out of *Æſop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Reynard the Fox* too. *Bluffe.* Damn your Morals. Sir *Joſ*, Prithee don't ſpeak ſo loud.

Bluffe. Damn your Morals: I muſt revenge th'Affront done to my Honour.

[*In a loud Voice.*

Sir *Joſ.* Ay; Do, do, Captain, if you think fit——You may diſpoſe of your own Fleſh as you think fitting, d'ye ſee:——But, by the Lord *Harry*, I'll leave you.

[*Stealing away upon his Tip toes.*

Bluffe. Prodigious! What, will you forſake your Friend in his extremity! You can't, in Honour, to refuſe to carry him a Challenge. *Almoſt whiſpering, and treading ſoftly after him.*

Sir *Joſ.* Prithee, What do you ſee in my face, that looks as if I would carry a Challenge? Honour, is your Province, Captain: Take it——All the World know me to be a Knight, and a Man of Worſhip.

Setter. I warrant you, Sir, I'm inſtructed.

Sharp. Impoſſible! *Araminta* take a liking to a Fool! [*Aloud.*

Setter. Her head runs on nothing elſe, nor ſhe can talk of nothing elſe.

Sharp. I know, ſhe commended him all the while we were in the Park; but I thought it had been only to make *Vain love* jealous.——

Sir *Joſ.* How's this! Good Bully, hold your breath, and let's hearken. A-gad, this muſt be I.——

Sharp. Death, it can't be——An Oaf, an Ideot, a Wittal.

Sir *Joſ.* Ay, now it's out; 'tis I, my own individual Perſon.

Sharp. A Wretch, that has flown for ſhelter to the loweſt ſhrub of Mankind, and ſeeks Protection from a blaſted Coward.

Sir *Joſ.* That's you, *Bully*. Back. [Bluffe *frowns upon Sir* Joſ.

Sharp. She has given *Vain-love* her Promiſe, to marry him before to Morrow Morning——Has ſhe not? [*To* Setter.

Setter. She has, Sir;——And I have it in Charge to attend her all this Evening, in order to conduct her to the Place appointed.

Sharp. Well, I'll go and inform your Maſter; and do you preſs her to make all the haſte imaginable. [*Exit.*

Setter, Were I a Rogue now, whac a noble Prize could I diſpoſe of! A goodly Pinnace, richly laden, and to launch forth under my Auſpicious Convoy. Twelve Thouſand Pounds, and all her Rigging; beſides what lies conceal'd under Hatches——Ha! All this committed to my Care!——Avaunt Temptation——*Setter*, ſhew thy ſelf a Perſon of Worth; be true to thy Truſt, and be reputed honeſt. Reputed honeſt! Hum: Is that all? Ay, For to be honeſt is nothing; the Reputation of it is all. Reputation! What have ſuch poor Rogues as I to do with Repuration;——'Tis above us;——And for Men of Quality, they are above it. So that Reputation is e'en as fooliſh as Honeſty——And, for my part, if I meet Sir *Joſeph* with a Purſe of Gold in his Hand, I'll diſpoſe of mine to the beſt Advantage,

Sir *Jos.* Heh, heh, heh, Here 'tis for you, I'faith, Mr. *Setter*. Nay, I'll take you at your word. [*Chinking a Purse*

Setter. Sir *Joseph* and the Captain too! undone! undone! I'm undone, my Master's undone, my Lady's undone, and all the Business is undone.

Sir *Jos.* No, no, never fear, man, the Lady's business shall be done. ——— What ——— Come, Mr. *Setter*, I have over-heard all, and to speak, is but loss of time: but if there be occasion, let these worthy Gentlemen intercede for me. [*Gives him Gold.*

Setter, O Lord, Sir, What d'ye mean? Corrupt my honesty. ——— They have indeed, very perswading faces. But ———

Sir *Jos.* 'Tis too little, there's more, Man. There, take all ——— Now ———

Setter. Well, Sir *Jos.* you have such a winning way with you ———

Sir *Jos.* And how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little Rogue look, when she talk'd of Sir *Joseph*? Did not her eyes twinkle, and her mouth water? Did not she pull up her little Bubbles? And ——— A-gad, I'm so over-joy'd ——— And stroke down her belly; and then step aside to tye her Garter, when she was thinking of her love. Heh, *Setter*.

Setter. Oh, Yes, Sir.

Sir *Jos.* How now, Bully! What, melancholly because I'm in the Ladies favours, ——— No matter, I'll make your peace. ——— I know, they were a little smart upon you. ——— But, I warrant, I'll bring you into the Ladies good Graces.

Bluff. Pshaw, I have Petitions to shew, from other guess-toys than she; Look here: These were sent me this morning ——— There, read. [*Shews Letters.*] That ——— That's a scrawl of Quality. Here, here's from a Countess too. Hum ——— No hold ——— That's from a Knight's Wife, she sent it me by her Husband ——— But here, both these are from persons of great quality.

Sir *Jos.* They are either from persons of great quality, or no quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly Hand. { *While Sir* Joseph *reads*, Bluff *whispers* Setter.

Setter. Captain, I wou'd do any thing to serve you; but this is so difficult. ———

Bluff. Not at all. Don't I know him?

Setter. You'll remember the Conditions, ———

Bluff. I'll give't you under my hand ——— In the mean time, here's earnest. [*Gives him money.*] Come, Knight; ——— I'm capitulating with Mr. *Setter* for you.

Sir *Jos.* Ah, honest *Setter*. ——— Sirrah, I'll give thee any thing but a night's lodging, (*Exeunt.*

Enter Sharper, *tugging in* Heartwell.

Sharp. Nay, Prithee, leave Railing, and come along with me: May be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yond' corner house.

Heart. Whither, whither; which corner house:

Sharp. Why, there: The two white Posts.

Heart. And who wou'd you visit there, say you? (O'ons, How my Heart akes,)

Sharp. Pshaw; Thou art so troublesome and inquisitive, ——— Why I'll tell you: 'Tis a young creature that *Vainlove* debauch'd, and has forsaken. Did you never hear *Bellmour* chide him about *Sylvia*.

Heart. Death, and Hell, and Marriage! my Wife! (*Aside*

Sharp. Why, thou art as musty as a new-married man, that had found his Wife knowing the first night.

Heart. Hell, and the Devil! Does he know it: But hold ——— if he shou'd not, I were a Fool to discover it ——— I'll dissemble, and try him. (*Aside.*) — Ha, ha, ha. Why, *Tom*; Is that such an occasion of melancholly: Is it such an uncommon mischief:

Sharp. No, Faith; I believe not. ——— Few women but have their year of Probation before they are cloyster'd in the narrow joys of Wedlock. But Prithee come along with me, or I'll go and have the Lady to my self. H'w'y' *George.* (*Going*

Heart. O Torture! How he racks and tears me! ——— Death! Shall I own my shame, or wittingly let him go and whore my Wife; No, that's insupportable. ——— Oh, *Sharper.*

Sharp. How now;

Heart. Oh, I am ——married.

Sharp. (Now hold Spleen.) Married?

Heart. Certainly, irrecoverably married.

Sharp. Heav'n forbid, man. How long?

Heart. Oh, an Age, an Age; I have been married these two hours.

Sharp. My old Batchelor married! That were a jest, Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death; D'ye mock me; Hark-ye, If either you esteem my friendship, or your own safety, ——— Come not near that House, ——— that Corner-house, ——— that hot Brothel. Ask no question. (*Exit.*

Sharp. Mad, by this Light,
This Grief will treads upon the Heels of Pleasure;
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Setter *Entring.*

Setter. Some by experience find those words misplac'd;
Attleisure marry'd, they repent in haste.
As I suppose my Master *Heartwell.*

Sharp. Here again my *Mercury!*

Setter. Sublimate, if you please, Sir, I think my Achievements do deserve the Epithet—*Mercury* was a Pimp too; but tho' I blush to own it at this time, I must confess I am sometimes fallen from the Dignity of my Function, and do condescend to be scandalously employ'd in the Promotion of Vulgar Matrimony.

Sharp. As how, dear dexterous Pimp?

Setter. Why, to be brief, for I have Weighty Affairs depending ——— Our Stratagem succeeding as you intended ——— *Bluffe* turns errant Traytor; bribes me to make a private Conveyance of the Lady to him, and put a Sham-Settlement upon *Sir Joseph,*

Sharp. O Rogue! Well but I hope ———

Setter. No, no; never fear me, Sir, ——— I privately inform'd, the Knight of the Treachery; who has agreed, seemingly to be cheated, that the Captain may be so in reality.

Sharp. Where's the Bride *Setter.* Shifting Cloaths for the purpose at a Friends Hand of mine. Here's Company coming; if you'll walk this way, Sir, I'll tell you. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Araminta, *and* Vain-love.

Vain. Oh, 'twas Frency all; Cannot you forgive it, ——— Men in Madness have a Title to your Pity. (*To* Araminta,

Aram. ——— ——— Which they forfeit when they are restor'd to their Senses.

Vain. I am not presuming beyond a Pardon.

Aram. You who cou'd reproach me with one Counterfeit, how insolent wou'd a real Pardon make you! But there's no need to forgive what is not worth my Anger.

Belin. O' my Conscience, I cou'd find in my Heart to marry thee, purely to be rid

of thee.——— At least, Thou art so troublesome a Lover, there's hopes thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet Husband. (*To Bellmour.*

Bell. Say you so;——*Is* that a maxim among ye.

Belin. Yes; you flattering men of the mode have made Marriage a meer *French* Dish; (*Aside*

Bell, I hope there's no *French* Sawce,

Belin, You are so curious in the Preparation, that is, your Courtship, one wou'd think you meant a noble Entertainment,—— But when we come to feed, 'tis all Fruth, and poor, but in show. Nay, often, only Remains, which have been I know not how many times warm'd for other Company, and at last serv'd up cold to the Wife.

Bell, That were a miserable wretch indeed, who cou'd not afford one warm Dish for the Wife of his Bosom.—— But you timorous Virgins, form a dreadful Chimæra of a Husband, as of a creature contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easy thing, a Lover, so guess at Plagues in Matrimony, in opposition to the Pleasures of Courtship. Alas! Courtship to Marriage, is but as the Musick in the Play-house, till the Curtain's drawn, but that once up, then opens the Scene of Pleasure.

Belin, Oh, foh,——no; Rather, Courtship to Marriage, is a very witty Prologue to a very dull Play.

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. Hist,—— *Bellmour*: If you'll bring the Ladies, make haste to *Sylvia*'s Lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fretted himself out of breath.——I'm in haste now, but I'll come in at the Catastrophe. (*Exit.*

Bell, You have an Opportunity now, Madam, to revenge your self upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your Squirrel. (*To Belinda*

Belin O the filthy rude Beast!

Aram, 'Tis a lasting Quarrel; I think he has never been at our House since.

Bell, But give your selves the trouble to walk to that Corner-House, and I'll tell you by the way what may divert and surprize you. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Silvia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Heartwell *and* Boy.

Hear. Gone forth, say you, with her maid!

Boy. There was a man too that fetch'd 'em out, *Jester*, I think they call'd him.

Heart, Sc-h,——That precious Pimp too.——Damn'd damn'd Strumpet! Cou'd she not contain her self on her Wedding-day! Not hold out till night! Leave me. (*Exit. Boy.*

O cursed State! How we err, when apprehensive of the Loss of Liberty!

——We hope to find
That help which Nature meant in Woman-kind,
To man that Supplemental Self design'd;
But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd.
And *Adam*, sure, cou'd with more ease abide
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.

Enter

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Vainlove, Araminta.

Bell. Now *George*, What Rhiming! I thought the Chimes of Verſe were paſt, when once the dolefful Marriage knell was rung.

Heart. Shame and Confuſion. I am expoſed. (Vainlove *and* Araminta *take part.*

Belin. Joy, Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*; I give you joy, Sir.

Heart. 'Tis not in thy nature to give me joy.——A woman can as ſoon give Immortality.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, O Gad, Men grow ſuch Clowns when they are married.

Bell. That they are fit for no company but their Wives.

Belin. Nor for them neither, in a little time——I ſwear, at the months end, you ſhall hardly find a married-man, that will do a civil thing to his Wife, or ſay a civil thing to any body elſe. *Jeſu!* how he looks already. Ha, ha, ha,

Bell. Ha, ha, ha.

Heart, Death, Am I made your Laughing-ſtock? For, you, Sir, I ſhall find a time, but take off your Waſp here, or the Clown may grow boiſtrous, I have a Fly-flap.

Belin. You have occaſion for't, your Wife has been blown upon.

Bell. That's home.

Heart. Not Fiends or Furies cou'd have added to my vexation, or any thing, but another Woman ——— You've wrack'd my patience; be gone, or by———

Bell Hold, hold. What the Devil, thou wilt not draw upon a Woman?

Vain. What's the matter!

Aram. Bleſs me! what have you done to him?

Belin. Only touch'd a gall'd beaſt till he winch'd.

Vain, Bellmour, Give it over; you vex him too much; 'tis all ſerious to him.

Belin. Nay, I ſwear, I begin to pitty him my ſelf.

Heart, Damn your pitty ——But let me be calm a little.——How have I deſerv'd this of you! Any of ye! Sir, have I impair'd the Honour of your Houſe, promis'd your Siſter Marriage, and whor'd her! Wherein have I injured you! Did I bring a Phyſician to your Father when he lay expiring, and endeavour to prolong his Life, and you one-and-twenty; Madam, have I had an Opportunity with you, and bank'd it; Did you ever offer me the the Favour that I refus'd it! Or———

Belin. Oh foh! What does the filthy fellow mean! Lard, let me be gone.

Aram. Hang me, if I pitty you, you are right enough ſerv'd.

Bell, This is a little ſcurrilous tho.

Vain. Nay, 'tis a ſore of your own ſcratching,——VVell, *George*,———

Heart. You are the principal Cauſe of all my preſent Ills. If *Sylvia* had not been your whore, my wife might have been honeſt.

Vain. And if *Sylvia* had not been your wife, my whore might have been juſt.——There, we are even.——But have a good heart, I heard of your misfortune, and come to your relief,

Heart. VVhen Execution's over, you offer a Reprieve.

Vain. What would you give;

Heart. Oh! Any thing, every thing, a Leg or two, or an Arm; nay, I wou'd be divorced from my Virility, to be divorced from my wife.

Enter Sharper.

Vain. Faith, that's a ſure way —— But here's one can ſell you freedom better cheap.

Sharp. Vainlove, I have been a kind of a Gol father to you, yonder. I have promiſed and vow'd ſome things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

Vain. No ſigning to a Blank, friend.

Sharp, No, I'll deal fairly with you —— 'Tis a full and free diſcharge to Sir *Joſep Wittal* and Captain *Bluffe*; for all injuries whatſoever, done unto you by them; until the preſent date hereof —— How ſay you.

Vain, Agreed.

Sharp, Then, let me beg theſe Ladies to wear their Maſques, a Moment, (*Exit.*

Heart, What the Devil's all this to me. *Vain*, Patience.

Re enter Sharper, *with Sir* Joſeph, *Bluffe*, Silvia, Lucy, Setter.

Bluffe. All injuries whatſoever, Mr. *Sharper*.

Sir *Joſ* Ay, ay, whatſoever, Captain, ſtick to that; whatever.

Sharp, 'Tis done, thoſe Gentlemen are witneſſes to the general Releaſe.

Vain. Ay ay, to this inſtant Moment —— I have paſt an Act of Oblivion.

Buff, 'Tis very generous, Sir, ſince I needs muſt own ——

Sir Joſ. No, no, Captain, you need not own, Heh, heh, heh. 'Tis I muſt own ——

Bluffe. —— That you are over-reach'd too, ha, ha, ha, only a little Art Military, uſed —— only undermined, or ſo, as ſhall appear by the fair *Aramint*a, my Wife's permiſſion. Oh, the Devil, cheated at laſt! (Lucy *unmaſques.*

Sir *Joſ.* Only a little Art-Military Trick, Captain, only countermin'd, or ſo —— Mr. *Vainlove*, I ſuppoſe you know whom I have got —— now, but all's forgiven.

Vain, I know whom you have not got; pray Ladies convince him.

(*Aram.* and *Belin. unmaſque.*

Sir *Joſ* Ah! O Lord, my heart akes —— Ah! *Setter*, a Rogue of all ſides.

Sharp. Sir *Joſeph*, you had better have pre engag'd this Gentleman's Pardon: For though *Vainlove* be ſo generous to forgive the loſs of his Miſtreſs —— I know not how *Heart well* may take the loſs of his Wife. (Sylvia *unmaſques.*

Heart, My Wife! By this Light 'tis ſhe, the very Cockatrice —— Oh *Sharper!* Let me embrace thee —— But art thou ſure ſhe is really married to him?

Setter, Really and lawfully married, I am witneſs.

Sharp. *Belmour* will unriddle to you. (*Heart well goes to Belmour*

Sir *Joſ*, Pray, Madam, Who are you? For I find, you and I are like to be better acquainted.

Silv. The worſt of me, is, that I am your Wife.

Sharp. Come, Sir *Joſeph*, your Fortune is not ſo bad as you fear —— A fine Lady, and a Lady of very good Quality.

Sir *Joſ* Thanks to my Knighthood, ſhe's a Lady now.

Vain. —— That deſerves a Fool with a better Title —— Pray uſe her as my Relation, or you ſhall be no more.

Bluffe. What, Are you a Woman of Quality too, Spouſe.

Setter. And my Relation: pray let her be reſpected accordingly. —— Well, honeſt *Lucy*, Farthee well —— I think, you and I have been Play-fellows off-and on, any time this Seven Years.

Lucy Hold your prating —— i'm thinking what Vocation I ſhall follow, while my Spouſe is planting Laurels in the Wars.

Bluff. No more Wars, Spouſe, no more Wars —— While I plant Laurels for my Head abroad,

abroad, I may find the Branches sprout at home.

Heart, Belmour, I approve thy mirth, and thank thee—— And I cannot in gratitude (for I see which way thou art going) see thee fall into the same snare, out of which thou hast deliver'd me;

Bell. I thank thee, *George*, for thy good intention—— But there is a fatality in Marriage.—— For I find i'm resolute.

Heart. Then good Counsel will be thrown away upon you—— For my part, I have once escap'd —— And when I wed again, may she be—— Ugly, as an old Bawd——

Vain, —— —— I'll natur'd, as an old Maid——

Bell, Wanton, as a Young-widow——

Sharp, And jealous as a barren Wife.

Heart. Agreed

Bell, Well; 'Midst of these dreadful Denunciations, and notwithstanding the Warning and Example before me, I commit my self to lasting Durance.

Belin. Prisoner, make much of your Fetters: (*Gives her Hand.*

Bell, Frank. Will you keep us in Countenance.

Vain, May I presume to hope so great a Blessing! (*To* Araminta.

Aram, We had better take the Advantage of a little of our Friends Experience first.

Bell, O my Conscience she dares not consent, for fear he shou'd recant. (*Aside*) Well, we shall have your Company to Church in the Morning,—— May be it may get you an Appetite to see us fall to before ye.

Setter, Did not you tell me——

Setter, They're at the Door: I'll call 'em in.

A Dance.

Bell, Now set we forward on a Journey for Life;—— Come, take your Fellow-Travellers; Old *George*, i'm sorry to see thee still plod on alone.

Heart, With gawdy Plumes and gingling Bells made proud,
The youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.
A Morning-Sun his Tinsell'd Harness gilds,
And the first Stage a Downhill Green-sword yields.
But, Oh,——
What rugged ways attend the Noon of Life!
(Our Sun declines) and with what anxious strife,
VVhat Pain we tug that galling Load, a VVife.
All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run;
But 'tis with VVhip and Spur the Race is won. (*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

As a rash Girl, who will all Hazards run,
And be enjoy'd, tho' sure to be undone;
Soon as her Curiosity is over,
Would give the World she could her Toy recover:
So fares it with our Poet; and I'm sent
To tell you, he already does repent:
Would you were all as forward to keep Lent.
Now the Deed's done, the Giddy thing has leasure
To think on't sting, that's in the tail of Pleasure.
Methinks I hear him in Consideration!
What will the World say? Where's my Reputation?
Now that's at stake---No fool, 'tis out o'fashion.
If loss of that should follow want of Wit,
How many undone Men were in the Pit!
Why that's some Comfort to an Author's fears,
If he's an Ass, he will be Try'd by's Peers.
But hold---I am exceeding my Commission;
My Bus'ness here, was humbly to Petition:
But we're so us'd to rail on these Occasions,
I could not help one tryal of your Patience:
For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worst,
To be before-hand still, and cry fool first.
How say you, Sparks? How do you stand affected?
I swear young Boys within, is so dejected.
'Twou'd grieve your hearts to see him; shall I call him
But then you cruel Criticks won'd so maul him!
Yet, may be, you'll encourage a beginner;
But how?---Just as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits, are us'd e'en much at one;
You gain your Ends, and damn 'em when you've done.

FINIS.

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